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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **T**HE autumn (which might be more appropriately called the winter) Session was opened on *Tuesday*. The QUEEN'S Speech referred to the negotiations with Italy and Portugal in regard to Africa, and to the resumption of those on the subject of Newfoundland; touched on the partial distress in Ireland, and the measures intended to relieve it, especially on one for "augmenting the number of owners engaged in the actual cultivation of the land"; promised a Tithe Bill, Bills for quickening private legislation affecting Scotland and Ireland, and a measure for assisting the Education rates. A considerable number of other projects were referred to, "in case time for further legislation should be found," HER MAJESTY hinting, with polite sarcasm, that in her recent experience she has found the time at her loyal Commons' disposal not sufficient in her loyal Commons' judgment for much law-making. Some of these matters, such as the appointment of a public trustee, may seem to some judgments of considerably more importance than the business actually likely to engage Parliament. The Address was moved and seconded in the House of Lords by Lord WINDSOR and Lord ARDILAUN, in the House of Commons by Colonel KENYON-SLANEY and Mr. FORREST FULTON. In the Upper House the usual decorous sparring between Lord SALISBURY and Lord GRANVILLE was relieved by tributes of sympathy to Lord ROSEBERY, and the Address was quickly passed. In the Lower House its passage was not much longer delayed. The new form which was adopted might not have expedited matters so much had it not been for other things, to which it is unnecessary to refer; but the Opposition were in no fighting mood, and for the first time for many years there was no adjournment of the debate. Discussion of the Tipperary affair, which had been so confidently promised, was put off because, and of course only because, those proceedings are unfinished; and Mr. SMITH expressed the very proper refusal of the Government to appoint a Commission or Committee to examine the STANLEY-BARTTELOT affair.

On *Wednesday* no actual business was done, the early finishing of the Address debate having caused a momentary gap in the public programme, and private members not being allowed to begin introducing Bills till three o'clock. At that time Mr. GLADSTONE was able to bring in his somewhat notorious measure for throwing open the Lord-Lieutenancy and Lord Chancellorship of Ireland to Roman Catholics—of course without any respect of persons. We have omitted to notice in another place that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL expressed himself as fervently on Mr. GLADSTONE's side at Hackney, and that Lord RIPON has sent a sum of money to "General" Booth.

On *Thursday* the Tithe Rent Charge Bill, and some others, were brought in and, as usual, read a first time unopposed. Mr. LABOUCHERE began the obstruction of the Session by opposing this formal stage in the case of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, which was introduced by Mr. BALFOUR. Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment, postponing any such scheme till after a general election, was defeated by 168 to 117, the Irish Gladstonians unkindly voting against the champion of purity. There was no other business done, and, except the short debate on the subject above referred to, little talking, and the House adjourned before six o'clock, the present curious condition of the Gladstonian mind being mighty expeditive.

On *Sunday*, from perhaps not quite a thousand pulpits, the Reverend BOANERGES B. BELLWS was urging the outlawry of Mr. PARNELL. Some of Mr. PARNELL's previous defenders have rather

unchivalrously listened to the voice of BOANERGES and echoed the cry. How this family dispute will be settled is not certain. But what is certain is, that if it is settled one way, a large number of the English Parnellites will, in the eyes of their Irish friends, be proved to be canting and half-hearted fools; while in the other event, the Irish friends will, in the opinion of their English colleagues, stand convicted as "obscene" reprobates. This will no doubt make the union of hearts closer than ever. To return, there followed a most singular imbroglio on *Tuesday* evening, when Mr. GLADSTONE—having, it is alleged, failed to influence Mr. PARNELL by private communications through Mr. McCARTHY, and Mr. PARNELL having obtained a vote of confidence from his party—published a letter to Mr. MORLEY, stating or implying, in terms involved even for him, that either he or Mr. PARNELL must go. A second meeting of Irish members was then held; but Mr. PARNELL was not present, and the matter was left in uncertainty. A further meeting, interrupted and renewed, was held on *Wednesday*, when considerable diversity of opinion was shown among the Irish members, the feeling however hardening, it is said, towards the end in favour of Mr. PARNELL. The meeting was finally adjourned to *Monday* in order to obtain the opinion of absent members, and especially of those bright occidental stars, Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN. The English Gladstonians meanwhile abounded more than ever in abuse of Mr. PARNELL, and ecstatic admiration of the nobility of Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct in (as Mr. KINGSLEY has it somewhere) "divining the perfectly fit moment at which" to throw his friend overboard. It is very interesting and surprising that those Irish members who have some chance of succeeding Mr. PARNELL all seem (regretfully) to think he ought to go.

Home Politics The meeting of the National Liberal Federation continued on *Friday* week with confused noise and garments rolled alternately in bluster and soft sawder—a mixed Biblical metaphor naturally suggested by Sir WILLIAM HARcourt. He (who supplied the bluster) was very, but most inaccurately, Biblical; the son of a clergyman and the grandson of an archbishop really should not confuse BELSHAZZAR and SENNACHERIB. The soft sawder was distributed by Mr. MORLEY, who talked about the "golden heart" of Dr. SPENCE WATSON. "Lord! how principles pass away," the spectator may mutter as he dreams of the time when Mr. MORLEY would as soon have been guilty of this nauseous gush as Mr. BALFOUR would be now.—Lord SPENCER spoke on *Thursday* night at Bromley as lugubriously as usual, or a little more so. Lord SPENCER thinks that Mr. PARNELL must go; considering the past relations between them, it is not surprising.

Foreign Affairs The death of the King of HOLLAND can hardly be regretted for his own sake; and, Queen EMMA having been regularly inducted into the Regency, it will make scarcely even a formal change in the government of the Netherlands. In respect of Luxemburg, a real change will be made, the Duke of NASSAU succeeding and the Duchy becoming an independent State. King WILLIAM had some rather severe domestic troubles, but no public difficulties; whether the passage of the kingdom under the distaff, with the prospect of a long minority and a king-consort at the end of it, will occasion any remains to be seen.—The effervescence among the Sioux seems to be really serious; and, though an outbreak would probably result in something like the destruction of the last formidable Indian tribes, it might cause a great deal of suffering to whites. That the Indians have been badly treated by the Government, and worse by the people, of the United States is, unfortunately, a proposition which neither requires nor admits of argument.—An Association of French

adventurers has been formed to "connect the Congo with 'Lake Tchad.'" This, if seriously carried out, would mean trouble; for it is wholly against the spirit of the Anglo-French Agreement, which keeps France to the north of the Lake, and would cut off the sphere of the Royal Niger Company from that of British East Africa. But it is not likely to be much more than talk.—The Italian elections, contrary to at least some prophecies, have returned a very large majority of Signor CRISPI's supporters; a thing, on the whole, satisfactory, as provisionally assuring the continuance of the general understanding between certain Powers, and keeping off once more the nightmare of war which weighed on Europe so long.—Prince HENRI of Orleans and his leader, M. BONVALOR, have been received in Paris with much pomp on their return from Thibet. Prince HENRI—who wrote a book, not without talent, though not richly endowed with taste, on his Indian experiences a short time ago—is no doubt a lad of mettle, and his new exploit will go to the *actif* (in his own language) of his house.—More financial crises, though lesser than before, are reported from the United States and Argentina.

The Bishop of Lincoln's Case. On Friday there was delivered and on Saturday published the full judgment of the Archbishop and his Court in the Bishop of LINCOLN's case, This most important document is fully discussed elsewhere, and here we need only say that, though the balance of the judgment was very distinctly in the Bishop's favour, few Churchmen with judicial minds, whatever their party, will quarrel with it.

The Taunton Accident. On Saturday last the jury in the Norton Fitzwarren trial for manslaughter found RICE, the signalman, not guilty; but in effect, and almost in words, advised that it should not be done again. A verdict of guilty, and a sentence to receive judgment when called upon, would have had the same effect in regard to RICE, and have been much more satisfactory from other points of view. But the nature of jurymen, assisted by the art of a certain kind of journalist, is making trial by jury more ridiculous every day.

Mr. ANDREW JAMESON on Saturday last published a letter, in regard to his brother and the cannibal story, the tenor of which had been almost anticipated by the remarks made on the subject in these columns.

Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN recovered 150*l.* damages in his suit against Mrs. LANGTRY, in the *Lady Gladys* matter, on Friday week, and Mr. MEAD found himself obliged to dismiss the test summons obtained by the London County Council in the matter of sky signs.—The Scotch academic successes of the Unionist party have been followed up at Aberdeen, Lord HUNTLY beating Mr. BRYCE by 430 to 352 for the Lord Rectorship.—On Monday Mr. Justice DAY heard the suit of DE SOUZA v. COBDEN, and five penalties of 25*l.* each were inflicted on the adventurous lady alderman. The amount of nonsense which has been talked on this case is intolerable, and the judge unluckily had to rebuke some of it as coming from Miss COBDEN's counsel. The talk of chivalry and generosity too, considering the liberal remarks made by Miss COBDEN's champions on Sir WALTER DE SOUZA's extraction, is a little contemptible.—A heavy gale from the west, attended by abnormally warm weather, was experienced last Sunday and did much damage by sea, and some, though less, by land. This same disturbance caused the most violent floods in various parts of the Continent, particularly in Belgium and at Carlsbad, where a great part of the town is under water. The abnormally warm weather was followed by weather as extraordinarily cold, and as we write snow-storms and hard frost are reported from all parts of England.—The murderer of the schoolmistress near Bolton confessed his crime on Tuesday at the Coroner's inquest, and it may be hoped that there will not be much time lost in "hanging of he."—On the same day the Court of Appeal upheld the judgment of the Court below against Dr. BARNARDO, and a boy was remanded at the North London Police Court, charged with accidental parricide by the too usual fooling with revolvers.—On Wednesday the first inoculation with Dr. Koch's lymph in England was performed by Mr. WATSON CHEYNE at King's College Hospital.—Although Mr. BOOTH's subscription list is mounting, some damaging blows have been administered during the week—by the Dean of WELLS, by Mr. LLEWELLYN DAVIES,

by the Bishop of COLCHESTER, by the Charity Organization Society, and by others—to his scheme, which, however, continues to occupy the attention of many persons, to an extent only equalled by the case of Mr. PARNELL.—The Worshipful Company of Horners held their annual dinner on Wednesday last.

The obituary of the last ten days or so, even Obituary.

M. AUGUSTE SCHELER was a Belgian scholar of eminence, who had during a long life been particularly diligent and useful in editing that part of old French literature which belongs to provinces of Flanders and the Flemish border.—Early in the present week was announced the lamentable death of Mr. W. BECKETT, M.P., one of the Conservative members for Nottinghamshire, who was cut to pieces by a train at Blandford.—Mr. W. B. SCOTT was a poet, painter, architect, and general devotee of art and literature, who had reached a considerable age, and who, though power somehow failed him in executing his high imaginings, was a true lover both of art and letters, and the friend of many men great in both.—Mr. BELMONT was a rich New York banker.—Lord KINGSLEY held the famous peerage which gave the right of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign, and so netted WILLIAM the Dutchman into an expression of apparent chivalry, but real pique.—Mr. HOBSON was a schoolmaster of merit, who was long rector of the Edinburgh Academy.—Baron KNEBEL was one of the best, and certainly one of the most fortunate, generals in the Austrian service, having been the only one who obtained any success over the Prussians in 1866. The Baron had, curiously enough, married Lord KINGSLEY's sister.—Sir RIVERS THOMPSON had done long and efficient work as an Indian Civil Servant.

No book of the week can vie in interest with Books, &c. Mr. WEMYSS REID's *Life of Lord Houghton*, which Messrs. CASSELL will, strictly speaking, publish on Monday, but of which a few copies have been distributed. If not one of the greatest, Lord HOUGHTON was one of the most characteristic and interesting figures of the last half-century in England; and, though he left no memoirs or diaries, Mr. WEMYSS REID, by personal knowledge and the assistance of letters and verbal communications, has been able to make an exceedingly attractive book. That poetry is not quite a drug has been shown again by the issue of a one-volume edition of Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS's *Earthly Paradise* (REEVES & TURNER).—We have received the programme of a new periodical to be called *The Ladder*, and one of "A Patent Ornamental Fire-escape, useful, 'efficient, always ready, and never out of order"—it is made "in connexion with rain-water pipes," and "a person may descend it either facing the wall, facing the street, or with 'his side to the street.' This last peculiarity has obvious convenience. For further particulars apply to SYDNEY SIMMONS, Belle Isle, London, N., and Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S CASE.

WE have not recently read a document of better augury for the future of the Church of England than the judgment of the Archbishop's Court in READ and others v. The Lord Bishop of LINCOLN. The conclusions of it are good; the tenor and method of it are better. It contrasts very remarkably in these latter respects with the past decisions of some other tribunals in kindred matters, and though we are not sanguine enough to feel a hope that it will, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that it ought to, serve as a precedent. And the least part of the reason which we have for saying this is the agreement which we may feel with the actual decision as far as it legalizes, or does not legalize, disputed points of ritual. It is true that the judgment, even considered from this point of view, would be hard to quarrel with by any fair-minded member of the Anglican Church. Had the eastward position or the use of altar lights, had even the mixed chalice, been pronounced by such a Court as this to be illegal, it cannot be denied that a most serious shock would have been given to the loyalty of some English Churchmen whose loyalty is most to be considered. That a crop of "secessions" far more serious than those determined by the Jerusalem Bishopric or the GORHAM case would have sprung up is a minor matter. The person who "secedes" usually thereby proves himself to be a weak vessel, and no

great loss. The decision would not have affected doctrine in any competent eyes. But it would have cut the Church of England off in point of practice, custom, and what may be not irreverently called etiquette, from the Churches of the world. Worse than that, it would have cut it off from its own past, the past which belongs to it in unbroken and legitimate succession. On the other hand, the matters in which the decision is unfavourable or less favourable to the Bishop are of far less importance. There is no reasonable object, doctrinal, liturgical, or other, for the concealment of the manual acts, and the sign of the Cross being by express rubrical direction limited by the Church of England to certain ceremonial occasions, it is not in the least to be regretted that a rite which has no universal or imposing liturgical authority should be disallowed elsewhere. As for the eirenicon with which the judgment concludes, every one must accord it his esteem; it is less easy to hope that it will have much practical effect. If the Church Association were accessible to appeals based on considerations either of charity or of decency, the Church Association would have been self-dissolved long ago, or could never have come into existence. If the madder sort of Ritualist could have learnt moderation and a sound theory of churchmanship, some at least of these offences would hardly have come. But the peroration of the judgment as a matter of grace comes very well after the solid learning of the body of it as a matter of law, and with the spirit here breathed every one must be in sympathy. And so far the signs even as to its reception are hopeful, except as far as the chief offenders are concerned. The circular of Lord HALIFAX to the English Church Union is altogether admirable in tone and temper, while a meeting of Churchmen of the opposite school on Wednesday was even more to be commended in that its temper must have been more tried.

But, as we have said, the grounds on which the decisions have been arrived at and the general tenor of the argument are even more satisfactory than the decisions themselves. We observe with the profoundest astonishment (or should do so, if the faculty of being astonished remained to students of public affairs) that it has been quarrelled with precisely on the ground that it "hands over only the 'shells to the Ritualists,'" while the Evangelicals are consoled by being told that there is no kernel. This language of the *Times*, which is, we fear, to be explained by other parts of the article in which it appears, as covering a sense of defeat, is, if it is really honest, and written without the old anti-Puseyite *arrière-pensée*, an instance of the hopeless misconception on these things too common among Englishmen. We have here, with no doubt the usual fate of displeasing both parties, more than once pointed out that there are High Church as well as Low Church Dissenters, and that the essence of Dissent is the attacking or the defending, the practising or the omitting, rite or ceremony, not from the point of view of the question "Is this by the 'law of the Church of England enjoined, allowed, or forbidden?'" but from the point of view of the other question, "Does this symbolize some doctrine which I privately wish that the Church of England should or should not 'teach'?" The usual Evangelical, in those gross, flagrant, and altogether inexcusable disobediences to Church law by omission and resistance in which he habitually and with impunity indulges, defends himself in words or tacitly by the plea that the ceremony is, has been thought to be, or may be thought to be, significant of "Popish" doctrine. At least some Ritualists have ransacked liturgies and histories for practices and paraphernalia which may assert or imply the doctrines to which the other school objects. Thus the most solemn of acts are reduced to a mere farce of the red rag and the bull, in which the red rag is flaunted of malice prepense to irritate the bull, and the bull plunges with brainless readiness at the red rag. The solid causeway of liturgical precedent on which the ANCHBISHOP and his colleagues have proceeded affords the only safe passage through the country which they had to cross. With two of the parties or sub-parties in the struggle it is indeed impossible to transact. The ignorant fanatics who hold that the Church of England started, as a brand-new body, at the Reformation, and their analogues at the other end whose sole endeavour is to annex the English Church at any, or almost any, cost to another section of the Church Catholic, deserve no consideration and no mercy. With any one who will not or cannot admit that the Anglican Church, while a branch of the Church Catholic, is an independent branch; or with any one who will not or cannot admit that the Church of England, though an independent

branch, is a branch never separated and inseparable of the Church Catholic, there can be no common ground of discussion. But with those who—as every intelligent pronouncer and adopter of the formularies of the Church must—admit these facts, disputed questions of ritual present no more difficulty than any other disputes of historical scholarship and historical law. Starting from the existing and admitted constitutions of the Church of England as by law established, and (when these are not precise) interpreting them by the previous practice and theory of different branches of the Church Universal as they bear on the subjects in question, there may be hard work, but can be no insuperable difficulty in reaching a conclusion. From the point of view taken in the extraordinary article before referred to, the judge in a case, say, of dispute between neighbours on the erection of a party-wall would take into consideration, not the right of the erector to erect, as shown by title-deeds, but the political opinions of the two, the predilections of the complainant for stone or brick, or his fear that his neighbour might entertain obnoxious persons behind the division. Indeed, this point of view is exactly the point of view of the Welsh tithe-stealers, who refuse to pay tithes, not because the title of the receiver is bad or the obligation of the payer doubtful, but because they do not like the services that the tithes maintain. Half the complaints of ritual excess would have been obviated if officiating priests of the Church had remembered that her ceremonies are things ordained by her, and not expressions of their own opinions. Nearly all the rest would have been obviated if the aggrieved parishioner had remembered the same fact.

The greatest, if not the only, danger of the present situation is the attempt threatened by the Church Association to obtain from a nominally superior tribunal another of those judgments which have, in the eyes of all persons qualified to judge, blotted the fair fame of English jurisprudence by the utterly inadequate character of their examination into the very grounds of judgment. The enormous mischief which this would occasion ought, we should think, to prevent such a misfortune, and to overcome the curious and ancient delight of secular judges in thwarting ecclesiastical persons. It is barely possible also that the heavy pecuniary lesson which the Church Association has on this occasion received will have a good effect. But we have seldom known an occasion on which the *finis litium* was more urgently called for by the interest of the State. It is absurd to say that the tribunal was partisan; it took great care from the first to assume a position which could not offend the most Erastian of critics, while its own constitution might satisfy a stickler for theocracy. It has arrived at its decision on grounds at once the most solid and the most non-contentious. The aggrieved parishioner is told, indeed, that he must submit to see his parish priest do certain acts; but he is told also that he is not bound to accept the acts as an aggressive expression of the doctrines which he thinks he dislikes. The Ritualist, on the other hand, is not deprived of his just liberty, but he is distinctly cautioned against, and restrained from, "pranks." In one point the Evangelical may be said even to have the best of it, in that the judgment does not in the least affect that marvellous liberty of omission which he has so long enjoyed—and abused.

MORE BLACKIE ON BURNS.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR BLACKIE has been lecturing at Alnwick on ROBERT BURNS, on Himself, and on the *Saturday Review*, which is "the grand platform of all kinds of conceit and impertinence." And yet Mr. BLACKIE is not pleased with the *Saturday Review*! However, that was a mere digression of the venerable orator's; on the whole, he clove pretty closely to his usual pair of topics. Mr. BLACKIE described BURNS as "a great and noble man"—a perfectly true description as far as it went. There is a great deal more to be said about BURNS; but Mr. BLACKIE, addressing himself particularly to the young, may be said to have "whistled o'er the lave o't." This is the easy, safe, and genial plan; it saves a great deal of trouble, and avoids a great deal of unpopularity. It is easy, pleasant, and popular to say that "the Devil walks about in many respectable 'dresses—sailors and bonnie lassies.'" It "gets a laugh," as the clown says about pronouncing "melancholy" "lemon jolly." Whether it is altogether worthy of venerable eld is another question. The matter of the lassies became serious enough to BURNS, and, as he said to Mrs. MACLEHOSE

(CLARINDA), "Damns me with a choice only of different species of error and misconduct." To a great and noble man this was no laughing business. In the affair of JEAN ARMOUR and CLARINDA,

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true.

Never was a man with a sound heart in such a quandary. While he was legally married to JEAN ARMOUR, he was betrothed to Highland MARY. She died; his heart was broken, in the autumn of 1786. In 1787 came his tour on the Border, when "the Bard," as he said, "was within a point and a half of being damnable in love" with at least four young women. Then came the affair with CLARINDA, whom he left to marry JEAN ARMOUR again, formally this time. Mr. BLACKIE told the Alnwick people that, on returning from Edinburgh, "the first thing he did was to behave like a gentleman . . . to marry his first love, JEAN ARMOUR." His first love! The names of earlier loves, Platonic and not Platonic, were Legion. Mr. BLACKIE has written a book on BURNS; he ought to know something about the poet's history. He either did not know the truth, or did not choose to tell it, if he is correctly reported. He simply "blethered." JEAN ARMOUR was no more BURNS's "first love" than HELEN of Troy was, if, in any true sense of the word, he loved JEAN ARMOUR at all. More, perhaps, than any other of his flames, she had suffered for his sake—had borne him, indeed, child after child before he "made her an honest woman." He made what amends he could; his behaviour had "damned him with a choice only of different kinds of error and misconduct." He himself frankly avowed the truth about the unhappy affair, and the truth is the best thing to tell, even to a popular audience.

Mr. BLACKIE's acquaintance with his life-long theme is bewildering. He said that BURNS's book "brought in a thousand pounds," and that, "like a gentleman and a generous fellow," he gave his brother GILBERT five hundred of it. BURNS was generous, but he did not give what he did not possess. Mr. SCOTT DOUGLAS says that the book brought BURNS about 500*l.*, and that he handed over 200*l.* to his brother. Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH states the amount received by BURNS as between 500*l.* and 400*l.*, and the amount given to his brother by him as 180*l.* It may be "impertinent" to correct Mr. BLACKIE's arithmetic, but accuracy is the soul of biography, and Mr. BLACKIE is inaccurate, unless he has discovered some facts unknown before.

Mr. BLACKIE, however, has a vein of sense in his non-sense. He defended the Scotch for making BURNS an Exciseman. It had been thought "an awful disgrace. He did not think that at all." People who did think that he called, in his urbane way, "a set of sentimental fools." We need not adopt his language; but nobody has yet answered the question, "What should have been done for BURNS?" The Duke of BUCLEUCH let HOGG have a farm rent free. The experiment failed; and BURNS, with his laudable independence, would probably have declined such an offer. Mr. BLACKIE remarked that the sons of dukes and duchesses let "the Devil run away with their strength before they were thirty or forty." This is not precisely true of all dukes; but BURNS did exactly what Mr. BLACKIE says young dukes do. The Devil ran away with his strength before he was forty, though he had not the excuse of ducal birth. The conclusion was that BURNS was not a man at all. This is an evident inference; for "a man is not a man unless he has reason at the helm," and BURNS had not reason at the helm; "he had no self-control." These are queer compliments to pay the national idol, who certainly gave the world assurance of a man. What can be said of such a mixture of the true, the false, and the absurd, except that it is "blethers," in BURNS's own vigorous language? Obviously Mr. BLACKIE does not really know what he himself thinks about BURNS, and, if ever he was acquainted with the details of BURNS's history, he has forgotten them.

HARCOURT-CUM-MORLEY.

"ALWAYS coupled with that infernal Phenomenon," was the remark of Mr. FOLAIR when he heard of the part which he was to play in association with Miss NINETTA CRUMMLES in NICHOLAS NICKLEBY'S drama. It is possible that a remark of a similar character may have been made

by Sir WILLIAM HARcourt when he learned that he was to accompany Mr. JOHN MORLEY to Sheffield as the *Gastspieler* in the performances before the National Liberal Federation in Sheffield. The combination is judicious. Mr. JOHN MORLEY's demure gravity is lightened by Sir WILLIAM HARcourt's irrepressible light-heartedness, and Sir WILLIAM HARcourt's hardened jocosity becomes more bearable when taken in conjunction with Mr. MORLEY's solemn earnestness. Both together are more tolerable than either would be alone.

It may be true of the celestial bodies, as it is, we have heard, in the theatrical world, that two stars keep not their courses in one sphere. But in politics, to judge from the example before us, the same rule of exclusion does not prevail. Sir WILLIAM HARcourt and Mr. MORLEY are twin-stars, each revolving round, shining on, and affectionately blinking at the other. There can, indeed, be as little rivalry between them as there is between the sedate and virtuous hero of melodrama and the first funny old man. The performances at Sheffield seem to have been well arranged, passing from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from Mr. JOHN MORLEY to Sir WILLIAM HARcourt on Thursday of last week, and from Sir WILLIAM HARcourt to Mr. MORLEY on the following day. Each orator usually avoids any interference with the business of the other. Mr. MORLEY seldom attempts to be funny, and when he makes the attempt it would have been better if he had not done so. His lightness is very heavy. Sir WILLIAM is not always as scrupulous in keeping off his friend's ground. When Sir WILLIAM HARcourt talked of following through good report or bad report—perhaps he said through good reporting or bad reporting, for the words were evidently spoken to the knights of the lead-pencil—the dictates of his conscience, and declaimed about the eternal principles of justice and truth, which, by way of highest eulogy, he declared to be worthy of the National Liberal Federation and of the great leader of a righteous cause, he must have felt that he was trespassing. It was as though OSRIC or the Gravedigger interwove HAMLET'S words with his own part. The dictates of conscience, the eternal principles of truth and justice, and righteous causes in general, are distinctly within Mr. MORLEY'S sphere of influence. The great leader is, of course, common property. It is a frequent weakness of comic actors to consider themselves specially fitted for serious parts. The late Mr. LISTON had that idea; and the earlier M. POQUELIN was not entirely free from it. Sir WILLIAM HARcourt shares this ordinary infirmity of the profession. He is no doubt applauded when he ventures upon the moral sublime, just as an indulgent audience applauds a performer, without wishing him to repeat the experiment, venturing on something out of his own line. When St. PAUL reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, his auditors trembled. When Sir WILLIAM HARcourt reasons on these subjects, his auditors must have a mighty disposition to laugh. But as he began by telling them he was a Yorkshireman addressing "brother 'Yorkshiremen," no doubt audience and orator entered into the fun of the thing.

There was one point in common between Mr. MORLEY and Sir WILLIAM HARcourt at Sheffield; and that was their extravagant braggadocio. PISTOL OR PAROLLES could not be more valiant. They both of them won the general election several times over; and in the act of putting on their armour boasted possibly rather more than they may find reason to do when the time arrives for taking it off. They were so very confident as to suggest that they are by no means easy as to what is going to happen, and were so cheerful as to leave the impression that they are profoundly out of spirits, but wish to conceal the fact from themselves. Mr. MORLEY is not content with boasting of what the Liberal party is going to do when the general election comes, but brags of what he personally will do when he has the opportunity of getting at Mr. BALFOUR. There will be nothing of the IRISH SECRETARY left. Not only so, but when the time arrives for Mr. MORLEY to repeat, "in the most solemn and formal manner known to our institutions—before a judge and jury," that is, we presume, on oath—what he has already said "before a jury of his countrymen," the truth about the Tipperary riots shall be known. There was, we believe, a time, and it is not long ago, when Mr. MORLEY would in his critical conscience have been ashamed of talking of a public meeting at some Lancashire town as a jury of his countrymen. Mr. MORLEY once spoke of the newspaper press, with secret reference, it may be, to one or other or both of the two

November 29, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

609

journals which he at different times conducted, as an instrument for permanently lowering the level of political discussion. The public platform seems to be an even more potent instrument for lowering the level of taste and good manners, and for substituting a vicious rhetoric for thought. Mr. MORLEY's perpetual boasts of what he is going to do a little resemble the celebrated announcement of Mr. WINKLE in the Ipswich riots, and betray probably a misgiving that he may not do it, but is unwilling to let himself prematurely into the secret. The "jury" before which he was heard was, as he knows, a packed one; it had neither the power nor the disposition to cross-examine him; there were no other witnesses before it, and, if there had been, they would not have been listened to.

Mr. MORLEY considers that a Parliament in Dublin is necessary to restore the manly self-reliance of the peasants in the congested districts of Ireland. If Mr. MORLEY has read Mr. LECKY's book, of which Sir WILLIAM HAROURT made a partisan use, he must have learnt that the Irish people have never cared much for either Parliamentary or ecclesiastical change. During nearly a century of perverse misunderstanding of their real demands, they have been given stones for bread, and serpents for fishes. What they want is the land, and what has been granted them has been Disestablishment, and what is now being offered them is an assembly of intriguers and declaimers in Dublin. Practically, Westminster is as near to Connemara as Dublin is. Mr. MORLEY in politics is declining from the level of a thinker to that of a phrase-monger. The conversion of the doctrinaire into the declaimer has been very rapid, and is now almost complete. In this respect he runs Sir WILLIAM HAROURT—to whom we must now devote a few words—close. We echo Sir WILLIAM's advice to the National Liberal Federation, which will not be taken by them, to read Mr. LECKY's last two volumes. If they do so, they will find that Sir WILLIAM HAROURT has quoted only such part of Mr. LECKY's conclusions as suits his purpose; and, if they look into the matter more closely, that even that part of Mr. LECKY's conclusions is not established by Mr. LECKY's facts. Of Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's attack on the probity of Pitt, it is enough to say that it is Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's, who is scarcely qualified to sit in judgment upon a point of this kind. This indiscriminate assailant of reputations dead and living is scrupulously sensitive to attacks upon his own conduct. When the denouncer of the suspension in certain minor cases of trial by jury is reminded that he was the author of an Act for hanging Irishmen without juries, he thinks he has sufficiently defended himself by dismissing the retort as a miserable *tu quoque*. "Tu quoque" is a favourite phrase with the scholars on the Opposition benches, who talk of passing under the Caudine forks, and who translate *cui bono* by "what is the use of it?" In their, as in the common, mouth *tu quoque* means "you're another," and describes the celebrated repartee of the pot to the kettle on the reciprocal accusation of blackness. It is rather the Latin equivalent of CAESAR's apocryphal reproach to BRUTUS. *Kai oī ēi ēkīwō; kai oī, tēkōvō;* "Are you too among them; "you too, child!" Sir WILLIAM HAROURT tries to leave the impression that the Government take the position—"Yes; we are doing wrong now; but then you did the same wrong six or eight years ago." On the contrary, they say, "We are doing what is right now, and what you acknowledged to be right by doing it when you had our responsibilities, and would do again in similar circumstances." Sir WILLIAM HAROURT has a perfect title to abase himself, and to go through penitential exercises, and to cry *Mea maxima culpa*—none of which things he shows the slightest disposition to do. Some of his colleagues in slander have the grace to show signs of shame, and try to hide themselves from themselves. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT is complacently naked.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S VICTORY.

THE success of the Italian Ministry in the late elections was not so unexpected as the Democratic victory in the United States; but it has been even more complete. In mere numbers the Government majority is overwhelming. Four hundred and ten members in a Chamber of five hundred and eight have been returned to support Signor CRISPI. Then there is in Italy nothing answering to the elaborate system of checks which delay, if they do not altogether prevent, the complete victory of any party in America. Whatever the Italian Ministry has gained is effective

strength capable of being used at once. It is not necessary to believe that all these votes have been given to the Government purely on its merits. The influence of the Administration is great in all Continental countries, and more particularly among the so-called Latin races. If Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO obtains a majority of five-sixths or seven-eighths in the approaching Spanish elections, it will only be because he thinks that proportion will look better than nineteen-twentieths. In France itself, as M. LEROY BEAULIEU has found to his cost, and many of his fellow-candidates with him, the Ministry has many means of controlling the returns. No doubt, a large proportion of the votes given to Ministerial candidates in Italy would have been given to whomsoever was in office. But Italian elections have never been quite so much a form as Spanish, and the returns do show that the popularity of the Ministry is genuine. In the towns, where it is always more difficult to put pressure on the voters than in the country, Ministerial candidates have been generally successful, and those members of the Opposition who have escaped defeat have seen their majorities diminished.

The particular feature of his policy which has done most to make Signor CRISPI popular is sufficiently indicated by the success of a by no means dignified manoeuvre employed against the Opposition candidates in Rome. The city was placarded with bills professing to contain a recommendation of the opponents of the Government, given by the President of the "Union des Races Latines." This body is simply a French society which endeavours to promote the formation of a Latin union against the Germans. The supposed patronage of a Frenchman is said to have done the Opposition candidates not a little harm. There is a too pronounced American flavour about this trick, but it is in its way evidence as to what Italians think. The object was to represent Signor CRISPI's opponents as too French, which, again, is an indirect way of praising him for not being French at all. In fact, he has gained in popularity by that very policy of strict alliance with Germany and Austria which has been made matter of reproach against him by part at least of the Opposition. The determination of Italians to remain independent of France, if not hostile to her, may be taken to be a fixed quantity in Italian politics. The very favourite complaint of Signor CRISPI's critics, that he is overburdening Italy with military expenditure in obedience to the orders of his German allies, has produced no visible effect. Italians have apparently convinced themselves that their burdens would be still heavier if Italy wanted the support of the German Powers. They are doubtless conscious, too, that isolation would expose Italy to dangers which are especially disagreeable to the cautious, and by no means martial, Italian temperament. As for that accusation of arrogance to his colleagues of which so much has been made, it does not reflect much credit on the sagacity of those who brought it. Few things are more certain than this—that no popular leader was ever the worse thought of by the rank and file for keeping a tight hand on his lieutenants. A chief is elected to lead, and not to be led. The election has not been a triumph for Signor CRISPI only. With excellent judgment, the KING has kept in the background. He has at all times taken his own position for granted, as a thing not to be questioned. It is none the less a consideration which can hardly have escaped the most thoughtless voter, that all who support Signor CRISPI are on the side of the existing Monarchy, while those who oppose him are either Republicans who would launch Italy into absurd adventures, or Conservatives who are in favour of at least some measure of disintegration. The fact that Signor CRISPI was himself once a Republican, and has only accepted the monarchy as the best thing attainable, is in no way against him; for this is precisely the position of the vast majority of Italians. The essential things are that the monarchy has been accepted, and that what was choice, more or less conscious, with this generation will be habit with the next; which again works for stability and good order in Europe.

"THE BETTER SCAVENGER OF THE TWO."

SUCH is the dignified and eloquent expression applied to Dr. BARNARDO by the MASTER of the ROLLS. The other "scavenger" appears to be the Roman Catholic Church. But the context is somewhat obscure. The Court of Appeal, it is satisfactory to observe, has confirmed in every particular the judgment of the Divisional Court, and

has directed that Mrs. MCHUGH's child shall be restored to her. The MASTER of the ROLLS and Lord Justice LOPES add their belief that the strictures passed upon Dr. BARNARDO in the Court below were wholly or partially undeserved. As to this it may be said that Lord COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice MATHEWS had the advantage of seeing and hearing the witnesses who described how by Dr. BARNARDO's orders they had dogged the footsteps and listened to the conversation of the poor woman whose character they wished to destroy. On the other hand, Lord ESHER and the Lords Justices had before them Dr. BARNARDO's threatening letter to Mrs. MCHUGH, on which we commented a fortnight ago. If their Lordships consider that that letter was creditable to the writer of it, we cannot congratulate them upon their taste, and we venture to think that very few people will be of their opinion. It would have been quite right and proper on Dr. BARNARDO's part to make some reasonable inquiry before handing over the boy to his mother, although strictly speaking it was his legal duty to comply immediately with her demand. But that is a very different thing from setting spies upon her who very well knew that he desired an unfavourable report, and menacing her with a minute investigation of her whole life if she persisted in asking what she had a right to ask. Lord ESHER declines to regard the question as one between Dr. BARNARDO and the mother. He says it is a fight over the child's soul, not over its body, and that Mrs. MCHUGH is in the hands of the priests. She may be. We do not envy her. But yielding to priestly influence is not a criminal offence, and Mrs. MCHUGH does not appear to have abandoned any definite set of religious principles when she embraced the Roman Catholic faith. One of Dr. BARNARDO's patrons, Sir ROBERT FOWLER, a well-known alderman, banker, and member of Parliament, who scarcely required Lord ESHER's effusive testimonial, offered to take charge of the boy and put him out into the world. Mr. WALSH, a Roman Catholic gentleman, has made a similar offer, so that Mrs. MCHUGH's offspring, more fortunate than GINX's Baby was, only escaped from one stroke of good fortune to fall under another. Mr. WALSH is the conqueror, and, unless the House of Lords should reverse the judgment of the Court of Appeal, will remain guardian of the infant. Five judges have now decided that Dr. BARNARDO was wrong, and that the poor woman whom he tried to frighten was right.

We have received a curious letter from Dr. BARNARDO, remonstrating against our former treatment of this subject. There is nothing surprising in that. Our criticisms of Dr. BARNARDO's conduct were distinctly unfavourable, and people seldom like to be criticized unfavourably. Moreover, Dr. BARNARDO is a philanthropist, and philanthropists—especially if they belong to the professional class—usually consider themselves exempt from error or responsibility. We have never assailed Dr. BARNARDO's motives. They are no business of ours nor of the public. We have no desire to go beyond the mild censure of Lord Justice LOPES, who pronounces the Doctor "over-zealous, misguided, and 'too prone to resist the law.'" Against the main doctrine of his letter it may be worth while to protest, if only because it is at once common and fallacious. Dr. BARNARDO complains that for the last fifteen years, "on every public occasion that it was possible to express a harsh or severe 'judgment upon him or the work committed to his care,' the *Saturday Review* has been prominent on that side." Dr. BARNARDO is always himself, and those who dislike the fussy interference with other people's affairs into which his proselytizing zeal hurries him from time to time naturally feel themselves compelled to take similar views of similar proceedings. If Dr. BARNARDO will change his tactics we will change our verdict. "To most thoughtful persons," Dr. BARNARDO continues, "this will in itself 'suggest that it [meaning ourselves] has not approached 'the consideration of the present case with a perfectly 'open and unbiased mind.'" Dr. BARNARDO's theory is that those who have once condemned him can never do him justice in future. This rather absurd proposition would at once disqualify most existing tribunals, whether primary or appellate, for dealing with Dr. BARNARDO's infringements of private right, and would leave him free to pursue his way unmolested through the institutions of his country. Even Lord ESHER, in spite of his irrelevant disquisition upon the respective merits of Protestants and Catholics—rather suitable to Exeter Hall than to the judicial Bench—is not inclined to let Dr. BARNARDO run away with the notion that the children of the poor are the

lawful prey of Evangelical fanatics. Dr. BARNARDO would usurp for himself functions which no individual, however benevolent, could exercise with safety to the State.

THE INDIAN SCARE.

THE so-called Indian Scare is one of those things which no fellow can be expected to understand on this side of the Atlantic. Who is scared and why? The great Yankee nation cannot surely be scared by a few thousand Sioux in Dakota; and if the Sioux are scared, one cannot help suspecting it is because the agents of the great Yankee nation have been doing something they should not. The items of information are difficult to pick out from among reports of what the Free Silver Democrats intend and what the Farmers' Alliance. When you do get them, they hardly prove more than that somebody is lying like a Zanzibari valet. At the top of the column we are told that seven settlers have been scalped and that a battle is raging. At the bottom it is confidently announced that this is fiction, and that all is quiet on Pine Ridge. We dare say it is; but then, if nobody has been scalped, the fuss would seem to be about nothing. Then the appearance of our old and respected friend BUFFALO BILL as an active personage on the scene is confusing. We like BUFFALO BILL. We never liked him the less because his temporary popularity with Duchesses was so maddening to "respectable Americans." It was justified by the excellency of his manners. Then, too, he wore his long hair and picturesque costume with *étrangeté*, and rode like an angel. Still one does associate him with a travelling circus, and though General SHERIDAN certifies him a brave fellow, and good frontier guide, his reappearance on the way to the scene of action harmonizes pleasingly with the air of unreality cast over the whole thing by newspaper lies. It fills up the picture to learn that RED SHIRT "is with him." RED SHIRT, if our memory does not fail us for the first time, was with him when we last saw him at West Kensington. We respect RED SHIRT. He refused to be enticed even by Mr. GLADSTONE into giving his opinion on Home Rule. He is a long-headed Red Man, and his candid opinion on the Indian Scare would be worth having.

It ought really not to be so difficult to learn whether the Indians in Dakota are going on the war-path or not. That something is happening we do gather, but the question is what that something may be. The United States Government is sending up troops as fast as it can, which indicates a belief that there is trouble ahead. But, then, it is also reported that General SCHOFIELD, who is in command of the Federal army, has sent an officer up to inquire into the question of rations, which seems to indicate the existence in his mind of a strong suspicion that the trouble is entirely due to breach of contract with the Indians. The Federal Government has made treaties with the tribes, by which it has bound itself to supply them with stores, as long as they keep within certain limits and do not break the peace. These treaties have been very frequently broken by the United States officials. When outbreaks have followed, it has been bad for the Indians, but it has not always been their fault. If the British Government in India failed to pay the salary—or blackmail, if that expression is preferred—which it has promised to the hillmen in the Khyber Pass, we should have no ground of complaint if the caravans were plundered. As for the stories about the belief of the Red Men in the coming of a Messiah, there may be truth in them. The delusion is not quite new, saving the reverence of BUFFALO BILL. Something of the kind was seen before TECUMSEH's war, which ended at Tippecanoe. The ghost-dancers are not at all unintelligible. We have found in Hindostan that mysterious signals are given among the native populations, and mysterious movements go on which sometimes end in nothing, and sometimes are the forerunners of an explosion. The Sioux may dance themselves out, and nothing more be heard of it all. If trouble follows, we shall still be interested to hear what set the ghost-dances and the rest of it going; whether it was a spontaneous delusion of the Indians, or dishonest dealing on the part of the Indian agencies. It would be premature to jump to the conclusion that the fault lies with the agencies. SITTING BULL, who is in the middle of this movement, as he was of the last, is a very "bad Indian" indeed. He has in an eminent degree the faculty of our own friend OSMAN DIGNA. He can make other men fight while he keeps at a safe distance himself. SITTING BULL may have been playing his old part of firebrand. If so, the Federal Government

his no choice. It must strike hard. But it touches the honour of the Federal Government to see that the unhappy Sioux are not hanged because of the bad name of SITTING BULL. If it is true that even the ghost-dancers are coming in for their rations, we can hardly believe that the nation is really intent on war. Neither do we quite understand how a great part of the Sioux can be migrating if no movement is observed in the neighbourhood of the agencies, as is also reported. On the whole, the Indian Scare is a mysterious business. To finish, we really must ask the great Yankee nation a simple question. Why do these things not happen in Canada, where there are many Sioux and other Red Men? Is it because the Indians are better, or because the agencies are more honest? We wait an answer.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

PROCEEDINGS in the House of Commons since the meeting of Parliament recall two familiar proverbs with almost equal force. To one of them which reminds us of the compensations of an ill wind, we need have no delicacy in openly referring; of the other we would rather say no more than that it treats of the falling out of ancient friends, and of a certain consequence thereof. This is a moment, the Gladstonians tell us, when it is the duty of every one to "refrain from irritating language," and we feel therefore that we should run some risk of disregarding this duty if we were to pursue further the train of reflection which the second proverb suggests. Be it ours, then, to view the painful difficulty which has arisen between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL under the symbol of an ill wind blowing alike upon the unjust Unionist and the just Gladstonian, and we may proceed to remark that it has blown the public the advantage of a sudden damming up of Parliamentary eloquence almost at its source. There can, we think, be no doubt whatever that these two incidents were connected together by way of cause and effect. It is true that the lobby was a good deal more interesting last Tuesday afternoon and evening than the interior of the House; but that is no uncommon matter of observation on the first night, and perhaps on most nights, of a Session. But in ordinary cases there would always be members below the Gangway, if not on the Front Bench, to sacrifice the pleasures of conversation outside to the duty of keeping the ball rolling for a week, at any rate, within. It was not the interest excited by the GLADSTONE-PARNELL "ruction" which caused the astounding portent of the collapse of the debate on the Address within a few hours of its commencement; it was the demoralizing effect of the ruction itself. Neither wing of the party would fight because each was sulking with the other. Even the most seasoned Parliamentary bores were too depressed and dispirited to ply their dreadful trade; and when in the simple but startling words of the *Times* summary—"Dr. CLARK, speaking from the Front Opposition Bench, which was entirely empty of its usual 'occupants,' intimated that he did not intend to move 'the amendment in favour of Home Rule for Scotland of which he had given notice,'" there was a general feeling that the game of obstruction was as much "up" as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's once favourite pastime of "law and 'order,'" and the Address was agreed to without a division at, wonderful to state, a quarter past ten o'clock.

Nothing more flat and spiritless than the discussion thus brought to a timely end has ever been heard within the walls of Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE still adheres to the tradition of giving an indulgent, if not an actually benevolent, reception to the Ministerial programme; but he usually contrives to excogitate something or other in the way of plausible adverse criticism on their proposals. The other night, however, he did not even pay them the compliment of misrepresentation. He described their legislative policy much as they would have described it themselves; he commented on the blessed change which they have made in the form of the Address, and qualified his approval of it only by an objection so innocuous that he would have done more wisely to omit it; and for the rest he confined himself to a curiously unreasonable remonstrance with the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY on his proposal to take the whole time of the House for the consideration of the Land Purchase and the Tithes Bills, and for the measure relating to Private Bill legislation. It was certainly an unfortunate prediction of Mr. GLADSTONE's that "the Government will 'never secure an habitually easy passing of the Address,

"according to the ancient fashion, so long as the course of taking away the time of private members is pursued wholesale." No doubt so very easy a passing of the Address as we have been fortunate enough to secure on this occasion may not become "habitual," but Mr. GLADSTONE's prophecy is not much the less infelicitous on that account. For the character of the discussion last Tuesday night, apart altogether from its duration, showed at least that the particular course taken by a Government in ordering the business of the House has mighty little to do with the question whether they will encounter obstruction or not. Nobody but the leader of the Opposition, and probably not even he, believes that, if Mr. SMITH had promised the chattering the amplest opportunities for chatter hereafter, they would have denied themselves a single hour's gabble in the debate on the Address; any more than, in the converse case, they would have let the House off one single display of their loquacity hereafter in consideration of being allowed the most abundant latitude for the indulgence of it during the first week of the Session. We sometimes wonder whether Mr. GLADSTONE, who is notoriously behind the age in many things, does really and *ex animo* cling to that superstitious belief in the right of the "private member" of which he so often makes himself the Parliamentary champion. Does he really think that there is an outside public burning to listen to Mr. CONYBEARE and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Dr. CLARK, and holding it a matter of the highest constitutional importance, and touching nearly the dearest interests of the nation, that the Government should provide as much of the public time as they can possibly spare from Ministerial business to allow these gentlemen and their like to "call attention" to questions in which they are interested? If so, we can only say that it is the most extraordinary delusion which ever found harbourage in the mind of an aged and experienced statesman, and that it argues a curiously complete blindness to the change which has taken place of late years in the national estimate, not only of the "private member" and his "rights," but also of the House of Commons itself.

The only portion of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech which was of any immediate interest or importance was his announcement that Mr. MORLEY did not desire to raise the question of the Tipperary scuffle in the form of an amendment to the Address. His right hon. friend believed, he said, that it would be better to postpone the debate on this question until after he had given the evidence which he has been summoned to give, as a witness in the judicial proceedings, which have arisen out of the incident. Mr. GLADSTONE's right hon. friend is well advised. It is certainly not desirable that he should discuss in the House of Commons the merits of a case with respect to which he is about to depose on oath, and in all probability to be flatly contradicted under the same sanction. That he has a right to have a "day found" for him by the Government—especially as he has waived his right to raise the question on the Address—is indisputable, and his claim did not require Mr. GLADSTONE's singularly *naïf* advocacy on the score that "his right hon. friend has himself at one time been responsible for the administration of Ireland." We can assure the Leader of the Opposition that Mr. MORLEY's peculiar right on this ground to have the facilities offered which he asks for has at once suggested itself to every Unionist. The mere fact that a politician "at one time responsible for the administration of Ireland" has deemed it his duty to assist a "stripling" to get his head broken in a row with the Irish police is in itself sufficient to justify a Parliamentary debate on the subject, if only for the gratification of an intelligent curiosity. Of course Mr. SMITH promised it, and was doubtless glad enough to compound for a settlement of the matter on these terms. It is unlikely that, even if the Gladstonians are in sufficient heart to discuss anything before Christmas, except Mr. PARNELL's inhuman refusal to commit *hari kari*, not conjointly with, after the companionable Japanese fashion, but in substitution for, Mr. GLADSTONE, they will occupy more than a night of the public time; whereas the introduction of an amendment might, directly or indirectly, have led to the addition of two or three nights to the debate on the Address. For the rest, the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY had an exceptionally easy task in replying to Mr. GLADSTONE's perfunctory criticism on the tenor of the references to Ireland in the Royal Speech, and his more animated but—it strikes one—only half-sincere protest against the proposal to give immediate

urgency to the Land Purchase Bill and the two accompanying measures of which notice has been given. What, we may well ask, did Mr. GLADSTONE think that Parliament has been summoned for in the last week of November? To do business? Or to listen to the sweet voices of the gentlemen who avow—when you can catch a candid one—that they intend to use those voices for the primary purpose of preventing any business being done? One would really think, to listen to Mr. GLADSTONE, that the question as to which of these two purposes was in the contemplation of the Government and the country was not merely arguable, but one on which there was a plausible case for the second of the two hypotheses.

SOUZA v. COBDEN.

WHERESOEVER and in whomsoever the feminine temper in politics comes out, it is seen to be a most untoward and obnoxious thing. The more it comes out, the more intolerable it appears; and therefore it is not without a certain measure of complicity that we read of what was done in the cause *De Souza v. Cobden*, and mark the comment of tabby journalists on the prosecution and the judgment. The women who wish to thrust themselves into the conduct of affairs profess an inability to understand why men object to their doing so, unless it be upon the ground of an ignoble jealousy. If these ladies could rise a little above the heights to which their intellectual gifts have borne them, they might see that one essential part of the objection is to the bustling impatience of law which impelled Miss Cons and Miss Cobden to put themselves in the wrong from the beginning.

The facts are that certain ladies set themselves forward as candidates for the London County Council; well knowing, we must suppose, that they were no more qualified for membership than if they had chosen to stand for so many Parliamentary boroughs. They were elected, just as much as they might have been in the other case if a majority of votes constituted a legal return, whether of woman or man. Lady SANDHURST was one of the ladies so elected. In her case prompt action was taken, and she was unseated on petition as disqualified by her sex. Miss Cons and Miss COBDEN fared differently. Action was not taken against them within the time appointed under the Municipal Corporations Act for challenging the return of persons disqualified for any reason; and of course there are various grounds of disqualification, some of which can and some cannot be removed. That time having expired, these ladies could not be unseated; but, obviously, the original disqualification in their case remained. And, according to Section 41 of the Municipal Corporations Act, "If any person acts in a corporate office without making the declaration by this Act required, or without being qualified at the time of making the declaration, or after ceasing to be qualified, or after becoming disqualified, he shall for each offence be liable to a fine not exceeding fifty pounds, recoverable by action." This defines the position of Miss Cons and Miss COBDEN quite distinctly. As Mr. Justice DAY said of the last-named lady in giving judgment on Monday, "There can be no doubt that at the time of her election, and of her making the declaration, she was unqualified, being a woman; and it is equally certain that she was not one of the persons contemplated by the Act who might afterwards qualify by getting rid of their disqualification." If, therefore, she acted as Councillor, she did so in contravention of law, and at the risk of the punishments in that case provided. That neither Miss Cons nor Miss COBDEN was unaware of their position appears from the fact that after the decision against Lady SANDHURST they abstained from taking part in the proceedings of the London County Council. They did so for some time, at any rate; but then uprose the feminine temper—the same that is so much of a nuisance in men and women alike—and, to "vindicate" something or other, apparently, they went down to Spring Gardens and did what they were strictly and expressly forbidden to do by the law. The particulars of Miss Cons's offence we have not before us at the moment; but it seems to have been identical with that of Miss COBDEN, who, in February, spoke and voted on five divisions in the Council. Thereupon action was taken by a member of the Council against both the ladies; by order, the decision in the one case was to decide the other; and judgment has been given against Miss COBDEN in five mitigated penalties of 25*l.* each, with costs.

The first step in these proceedings is intelligible and blameless. If certain persons are honestly of opinion that women should be admitted to County Councils, or to Parliament for that matter, there is no harm in their putting themselves up for election, as a means of showing that popular opinion is in favour of a change in the law. The lady makes her experiment, it succeeds more or less, and there the matter should end. The experiment has been exhausted, and there stands whatever lesson it may happen to yield. The decision in Lady SANDHURST's case duly brought out the intention and injunction of the law in this matter; it is clear from Miss COBDEN's and Miss Cons's abstention from the business of the Council thereafter that they quite understood their position; and who believes that they supposed it possible to slip under the law and make a forced intrusion unpunished, with that 41st section of the Municipal Corporations Act in the way? But they must make the attempt because—because they were women. Since they were women, who should be "ungallant" enough to interfere with their little audacities in defying the law? Should any no gentleman go out of his way to pull them up so rudely, what gushings of sympathy might be counted on, and how much of a sensation might advance the Cause!

Of course we shall hear that it is mere brutality to mention such impulses and calculations as possible where ladies are in the case; but there is no denying the results. There has been little sensation—hardly a flutter between Temple Bar and Bow; and there is no evidence at present that the Cause has been advanced. But as for the rest, it is only necessary to look to the way in which Miss COBDEN's prosecutor has been treated by the he/she journalists of the penny press. Of Sir WALTER DE SOUZA we know nothing beyond his intervention in this matter; but how does he appear here? In taking action against Miss COBDEN, which he had as much right to do as if she had been a man, he seems to have behaved with the utmost courtesy and consideration. This the judge went out of his way to notice, seeing that in the court itself the plaintiff had been treated to a variety of no-gentleman insinuations. But the judge's reproof had not the least effect on the champions of Woman in the press. The least angry of them contents himself with labelling Sir WALTER DE SOUZA's conduct as "not very 'gracious or generous'; no generous man interferes when Woman girds up her petticoats to defy the law. Other and more high-toned commentators inform the plaintiff that when a man "comes forward with legal objections to checkmate the Bow and Bromley electors, he is simply guilty of an impertinence"; and that "in getting Miss COBDEN fined 12*l.*" Sir WALTER DE SOUZA was not only "impertinent and offensive" but must be regarded as "a common informer." Another gentleman of the press (same school) wants to know "who is this De Souza, who has performed the chivalrous part of prosecuting the daughter of RICHARD COBDEN"? And then answering the question, he informs the world that the offensive male person is a sort of nigger-Portuguese. "Why he was made Sir WALTER nobody knows. DE SOUZA is a common name among the Portuguese half-castes of India; and these half-castes are sometimes darker in the skin than the natives with whom their forefathers married." These are but specimens of the poor, spiteful stuff that has been poured out as balm for wounded womanhood—womanhood seized by ruffian hands in the attempt to steal a victory for the electors of Bow and Bromley. That such stealing is most improper does not seem to be at all considered; and yet the truth is that there is little more justification for it than could be advanced for going about stealing geese on a common. We are sorry to be constrained to speak so plainly, and of course we know that there is a difference between illegal offences committed from political and from personal motive. But we are addressing persons of a very high morality, who will not mistake our meaning if they will only deal with it fairly, and not according to feminine passion and prejudice.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE solemn act of adhesion to the Republic by which Cardinal LAVIGERIE has lately startled all the enemies, and not a few of the most zealous members, of his Church is a political event of some importance. It is not the less significant because it does not stand entirely alone. Even

November 29, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

613

before the last general election there were distinct signs among the Conservatives of an inclination to accept the Republic if only they could be sure that it would no longer be what it had become under Radical guidance. Such men as the Marquis de BRETEUIL, who openly confessed that he was tired of the prolonged exclusion of his class from an active share in government, were obviously prepared to go some considerable distance towards the Republic, if only it would move a decent space towards them. Since the elections not a few Conservatives have openly given up any further hope of the restoration of the Monarchy. Within the last few weeks one section of them, represented by M. PIOU, has gone further than general declarations of adhesion. It has expressly said what particular Republican policy it is prepared to accept and support. There is nothing in the programme which a moderate Republican need hesitate to accept. Nothing which M. LÉON SAY, for instance, or the late M. RAOUL DUVAL, would not have been prepared to recognize as his policy. But up to the time when Cardinal LAVIGERIE delivered his speech in Algiers there had been no sign of any effective disposition among the clergy to give up their opposition to a form of government associated with the supremacy of their enemies. Cardinal LAVIGERIE has supplied what was wanting, and now the most sincere Churchman, who is becoming tired of sulking at the Republic, will be justified in assuming a more agreeable attitude by the example of a prelate whom no Clerical can pretend to disregard without conspicuous folly.

A Churchman who is in this frame of mind will be able to point out to critics on his own side that Cardinal LAVIGERIE is fresh from the seat of PETER. He has just paid a visit to the POPE, and he deliberately quotes the authority of LEO XIII. for his opinions. It is hardly likely that he would have done this unless he had consulted the head of the Church as to the step he was about to take. To Republicans it will be at least equally important that there is no sign in the Cardinal's speech of any mental reservation, nor any touch of casuistry. He is as explicit as a man can be. Republicans who are men of sense will not welcome him the less because he makes no attempt to disguise the repugnance with which he accepts the inevitable. The thing is that he does accept it. It is possible to detect a certain tone of irritation in the Cardinal's remarks on the present position of the monarchical cause, and also some sarcasm. The Count de CHAMBORD, says the Cardinal, was so good a man that he ruined his cause out of pure virtue. His successor is also, no doubt, a very good man, and has bravely assumed responsibility for what has been done in his name. Unluckily he has forgotten that you must not be found out in doing evil that good may come of it, and, after that unlucky Boulangist alliance, the game is up. Besides, the Count of PARIS—from respectable motives, of course—refuses to do anything for himself, and will wait till France asks for him—which she shows no intention of doing. This is a renunciation, in the Cardinal's opinion. Thus does he, not without malice, scatter the thinnest possible coat of sugar over his bitterest pill. And now, the monarchy being impossible without a miracle—a thing which it is never safe to count on—there is nothing for it but to accept the Republic. The acceptance need not be enthusiastic; but it must be thorough. It must be made with the full intention of influencing the Republic, and no lingering wish to abolish it. What ultimate effect the Cardinal's declaration of adhesion and his advice to the Conservatives may have it is early to say. Beyond all doubt he has strengthened a movement which had already begun. The extreme Conservatives, whose Conservatism is largely hatred of the Republic, naturally decline to follow him, but they belong mostly to the older generation. The Radicals are quite fiercely angry with him. They have more than the usual measure of dislike which the faithful feel for a convert, and have besides many reasons for disliking whatever tends to strengthen the Moderate Republicans. It is incredible to them that a priest can be a Republican; and then, if they are to give up baiting the clergy, Republicanism itself would lose half its joys for them. But the lassitude which has come over France since the collapse of the Boulangist adventure is not favourable to the fanatics on either side. There is, therefore, a considerable probability that many Churchmen will follow the Cardinal, and many laymen join with M. PIOU in the attempt to form what this gentleman rather quaintly describes as "un grand parti tory, dispu-tant le pouvoir aux radicaux devant le suffrage uni-versel."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND RAILWAY SERVANTS.

AFTER long consultation, the nature of which must have been purely sentimental, the Taunton jury determined to acquit RICE, the signalman, of the charge of manslaughter in connexion with the recent disaster at Norton Fitzwarren. The verdict—"Not guilty of negligence"—is, of course, entirely contrary to the facts. No more conclusive evidence of negligence was ever submitted to a jury. The case against RICE was complete; yet the jury acquitted him. The absurdity of the verdict is heightened by the prolonged deliberation of the jury. The facts were simple and uncontested. There was practically no defence, for RICE admitted that the fatal accident was the result of his blundering. In charging the Grand Jury Mr. Justice GRANTHAM observed of RICE, "He had a certain duty to perform, and, in consequence of his not 'doing it,' the lives of at least ten persons were sacrificed." In his summing up of the case, the judge directed the jury, with perfect clearness, on the plain facts. He saw nothing in the evidence to show that the collision had not been caused by RICE's negligence. The jury, however, appear to have found, in a singularly simple case, plenty of matter for discussion. They started with a long consultation that ended with disagreement, and, undismayed by the disagreement, entered upon further deliberation until they arrived at their verdict. In this protracted debate it is impossible to believe that the evidence, and only the evidence, formed the subject of deliberation. What, then, were the matters discussed, apart from the facts, by the jury? Whatever these topics were, we find it impossible to reconcile the evidence and the verdict, nor can we find any extenuating circumstances in the verdict. But it is almost certain that the jury thought they found in the evidence some extenuation of RICE's negligence, or something that proved his negligence to be not acutely culpable, perhaps not at all culpable. And, having considered what there was to be urged in mitigation of RICE's negligence, they proceeded to the illogical conclusion that there was no negligence whatever on his part. That RICE was suffering from an accident which had befallen him a short time before the night of the collision may have suggested to the jury reasonable doubts as to his fitness for the duties of signalman. But it was not pleaded on behalf of RICE that he was incompetent, and it must be remembered to the man's credit that he never attempted to shelter himself from the consequences of his blunder. It is obvious, therefore, that the jury, being moved by sympathy with RICE's position, his advanced age, and long term of service, made up their minds to disregard the facts, and base their decision on sentimental or extraneous issues.

The presentment of the Grand Jury on the subject of shunting trains will, we trust, receive the immediate consideration of the Government. The mistake of the driver of the goods train at Taunton does not in the least affect the question of the signalman's negligence. The practice of shunting trains on main lines ought to be forbidden absolutely. It is not a little strange, by the way, to note the speeches made at the Congress of Railway Men at Bethnal Green on the subject of the railway Companies' care for the public and their neglect of their own servants. The Chairman complained that, while the Companies had, under pressure of public opinion and Board of Trade pressure, made the travelling public "as safe as possible," they had "ignored the human machines they employed." The Norton Fitzwarren accident hardly supports this statement. The public are perfectly aware that there is much more to be done by the authorities before there can be any reasonable belief in the safety of railway travelling. And it would seem that the railway men are not less sensible of existing dangers. The Congress adopted a resolution urging the Government to take steps to compel Railway Companies to provide block sidings, by which accidents occurring through shunting trains across main lines should be prevented. On this subject there is really no room for divergent opinion. With regard to the employment of elderly men in signalling work, there is nothing to show that RICE should be classed with the overworked and underpaid men of whom Mr. BEDFORD spoke at Bethnal Green. His explanation of the employment of men between sixty and seventy years of age in signal-boxes is somewhat curious. One reason, according to Mr. BEDFORD, was that the Companies would not give the wages demanded by younger men. Another

reason was the refusal of pensions to old servants. A third reason was that the old men "hung on" because there was nothing but the workhouse for them if they resigned. Now, if it is true that younger men demand higher wages than those received by old and well-tried men, it is scarcely surprising that the Companies should hesitate to employ them on their own terms. We prefer to account for RICE's place in the signal-box on the ground of his long service and the natural unwillingness of the railway Company to part with an old and trusted servant. It is, of course, extremely important that men employed in railway duties that involve great public responsibility should be thoroughly competent. We are tolerably confident, with the Taunton verdict before us, that if RICE was in the grievous position of the underpaid and overworked class of whom Mr. BEDFORD spoke, the Taunton jury would have found more to add to their verdict than their condemnation of the practice of solitary night duty in signal-boxes.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. SERPENT.

THE narratives of the survivors of the *Serpent's* crew have put it beyond doubt that the vessel was lost by an error of navigation. The exact nature of that error can only be guessed at. None of the three men who reached the shore alive were in a position to give evidence of much value, and as the officers all perished, no more can ever be known. There will be no wish, except among those who make a trade of vamping up accusations, to insist, on what indications there are, that Captain Ross and his navigating officer were rash. If, however, it is true that land was sighted in the afternoon, we cannot help thinking that the ship ought never to have been where she was. The dangers of Cape Finisterre are so well known that merchant ships, which have every motive for making the quickest possible passage, keep well out from it, particularly in thick weather. The *Serpent* had no such motive for making a quick passage as could justify the decision to go close to a known peril. Tenderness to the memory of the dead is a very respectable feeling; but, after all, an event of this kind is a lesson and a warning. The error, whatever it was, cost HER MAJESTY'S navy a ship, and the lives of 176 trained men. Naval officers will, we take it, draw the moral that it is better in such a case as this to err on the side of over-caution, which can at the worst only lengthen the voyage and cost a few tons of coal. It is not to be desired that naval officers should be timid; but to avoid making a very dangerous coast in a thick night and a gale is not timidity—it is only seamanlike caution.

In the meantime, whatever may have caused the disaster, it is the melancholy fact that it will leave many women and children very ill provided for, if not actually destitute. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has publicly pointed out that, when all has been done by Government and the funds of Greenwich Hospital which can be done legally, there will remain "many wants, both present and prospective," which must be left to private charity. It is not particularly creditable that the widows and children of men who have perished on service should not be entitled to decent support by the country. As, however, they have no such claim, it will be a scandal if there is any hanging back on the part of those who have any money to give in charity, particularly at a time when thousands are ostentatiously offered to support a gigantic windy confidence-trick. We hope there will be no repetition of the meanness shown on some former occasions, when the Navy was left practically to raise the fund itself. Another act of virtue which is to be earnestly commended to those whom it concerns is the expression of contrition for overhaste in publishing lying stories about the harshness of Captain Ross. The survivors of the crew have denied that there was any truth in this tittle-tattle. A great deal of pain must have been caused by the publication of much trash, and no good end can possibly have been served. Is it too much to ask respectable papers to make a note of this, and also to make it a rule that such gabble is not to be published by them in future? Another question which suggests itself must be addressed to the Admiralty. It is why so much care has been taken to publish the telegram from the Captain of H.M.S. *Lapwing* describing the condition of the fragment of the *Serpent* which has been cast up at Camarinas. From this report we learn that the workmanship is excellent, that very few rivets have sheered,

and that the junction of the armoured deck is intact. Well and good; but what does it all prove? That the *Serpent* was not jerry-built, perhaps, but not that she was well designed. A vessel may be both ill designed and well riveted. It does not, as we have already said, follow that a ship is good because she is lost by an error of navigation. The charge against all the vessels of the *Serpent* class and so many of our modern cruisers is that they are too light for the power of their engines, too much overweighted with top-hamper, and that not only the comfort of the crews, but their health, is sacrificed to the engine-room. It is no answer to these accusations to say that the rivets of a fragment have not sheered, and that the junction of the armoured deck with the hull is intact. The survivors, it may be noted, though they have steadily refused to speak ill of their ship, do not go beyond saying that she was a good vessel of her class, which the sailors do not like. They do not like them for the intelligible reason that they are baked by the furnaces at all times, and that the mess deck is drenched in rough weather. However well the rivets were driven home, it will still remain a question whether a ship in which men are baked and drenched is a good ship for any sea, and whether in particular she is fit for the West Coast of Africa.

THE LIFE OF AN EGG.

Lord JUSTICE KAY has pronounced the judicial dictum that "the life of an egg is supposed to be limited to a fortnight." Most Londoners, and everybody who is not a Londoner, will be disposed to think that the period specified by the Lord Justice is rather too long than too short. But it behoves the Bench to be cautious, and certainly after the fortnight eggs should be exclusively devoted to electioneering purposes. When the late Vice-Chancellor MALINS narrowly escaped in court the traditional fate of the candidate on a platform, he quaintly remarked that the egg must have been intended for his brother BACON. The Court of Appeal abstained from joking over the serious case of CAMPBELL & Co. v. NORWOOD and another. The defendant's name naturally suggests a strike, and such indeed was the origin of the dispute, although eggs were its substance, and its legal character was "mutual mistake." While the sum involved was only two hundred pounds, the principle, as men say when they are at a loss for a word or an idea, is commercially most important. The plaintiffs, being wholesale dealers in eggs, had shipped a hundred and twenty-seven cases of them from St. Petersburg on board a ship belonging to the defendants. A passing hope may here be expressed that the fowls of Russia lay eggs of an exceptionally enduring quality. However that may be, the fortnight was just saved in the bill of lading. On the 10th of August the precious freight started on its voyage, and on the 21st of August it duly reached London. But the year was 1889, and the great Dock Strike was in full swing. The plaintiffs, being British merchants, men of enterprise and resource, did not sit wringing their hands over the wickedness of those whom the MASTER of the ROLLS calls "abominable strikers." On the contrary, they offered to send their own people and take away the eggs by night. But the captain, who ought to be a Dock Director, would not hear of such a thing. Like the executioner in *Alice in Wonderland*, he had never done it in that way before, and he was not going to begin at his time of life. Besides, over the eggs was a quantity of grain, and the grain must be removed before the eggs could be touched. The reasoning of this worthy seaman is logically unimpeachable, and no doubt, according to the etiquette of his trade, the grain was entitled to precedence over the eggs. But, while he was stickling for point and punctilio, the eggs were spoiled, and the tyrannical provisions of the Septennial Act prevented what might have been a general demand for them even in that condition. Messrs. CAMPBELL & Co., as might have been expected, brought an action for damages. They had done their best to save their own property, and they objected to its being irretrievably injured by the incapacity of other people.

The Court decided, in accordance with plain facts and obvious common sense, that the defendants were liable, and that the verdict for the plaintiffs must stand. Under Mr. FINLAY's useful Act the case came straight to the Court of Appeal, without the tedious and absurd formality

of passing through the Divisional Court. It would certainly have been monstrous if, in so clear a matter, there had been a double appeal, with the House of Lords as a possibility in the background. The plaintiffs were perfectly ready, and well able, to save their own goods. The only obstacle in their way was the obstinacy of the defendants' servant, who would not allow the cargo to be disturbed, even for the sake of saving part of it from destruction. In the original contract there was no clause about strikes. But it seems that the ship-owners could not have been sued if, in consequence of the strike, the merchants had been unable to accept delivery. The plaintiffs, however, relied upon a new and special contract. They said, and the jury found, that they had offered to remove their portion of the ship's cargo themselves, and that one of the defendants had accepted the offer on behalf of the firm. That being so, all difficulty in determining the position of the parties disappeared. A good deal of speculation was, indeed, devoted to the interesting question, Where were the eggs? Some declared that they were not under the oats at all, but in a different part of the vessel, which was a "general ship." As to that, however, they might have been easily extricated anyhow. The Lords Justices displayed upon this topic an edifying amount of practical knowledge. Lord Justice KAY "observed that the cases might have been raised by means of ropes and pulleys through the oats without any injury to the oats." "The oats giving way on each side," added Lord Justice LOPES, with a fine touch of imaginative accuracy. What the eggs would have been like when they had emerged from confinement and recovered from their voyage, it were perhaps better not too closely to consider. The egg of commerce is understood to be something quite different from the egg of the breakfast-table. But it is satisfactory that the capable side should have won, and that antiquated helplessness should have gone to the wall. Technical education is no doubt a salutary and necessary thing. The mental or moral qualities of quickness in decision and promptness in action will never be superseded by science on the one hand, or by a blind adherence to custom on the other.

THE NEW LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE New Land Purchase Bill, or rather the two new Bills which have taken the place of the single measure of last Session, have already—thanks to the demoralization of the obstructionists by a certain "crisis"—been read a first time. There is wisdom, we think, in this division of the Ministerial scheme into two parts, though we confess that we should have preferred a different line of cleavage. As it is, the arrangements for the sale and purchase of holdings, and the provisions for dealing with the "congested districts," alike form part of Bill No. 1; though, considering how unanimous is the approval of the latter proposal, even among those who more than doubtfully regard the former, it might have been better policy to separate them from each other. The creation of the new Land Department for Ireland is an object which might have been appropriately united with that of Land Purchase, and might well have exchanged places with the congested district clauses in the first Bill, instead of forming the main material of Bill No. 2. However, the arrangement has been made now, and is doubtless unalterable, so that nothing remains but to take advantage of the crisis to push the former of the two measures through its second reading with all convenient speed.

As regards the other changes of the Bill, they are, or ought to be, all in the direction of increasing the facility of its progress through Parliament. It is hardly for the Parnellites, as Mr. BALFOUR reminded an indiscreetly "ironical" cheerer the other night, to object to that abolition of the limitation to twenty years' purchase which Mr. MORLEY himself contemplated proposing last Session; nor is it easy to conceive the most ingenious opponent of the Bill continuing to invent any objection to the proposal to give the Lord Lieutenant power in certain circumstances to extend the period of years within which the 8 per cent. of the purchase-money has to be paid. The only doubtful item among the changes, or rather the contemplated changes, in the measure is that at which Mr. BALFOUR hinted in the suggestion that the consent of the localities to the hypothecation of local funds might be sought and obtained by the "method of *plébiscite*." This is a somewhat obscure suggestion as it stands, and we should require

to hear it further elucidated before pronouncing any definite opinion on it. But it certainly does not captivate at a first glance.

"FOR A TIME."

LORD SPENCER has been the first of the Gladstonian party, or the first of any importance therein, to venture on to the stump since his revered leader publicly cast off Mr. PARNELL in the columns of the newspapers. His contribution to the embittered controversy is one of remarkable discretion and even gentleness, as, indeed, we might expect from its author, whose spirit of Christian charity has been so often shown before in connexion with the leader of the Irish party; and as there is no reason to expect any different kind of utterance from Lord SPENCER on this subject—and certainly none such are recorded against him in the past—his mild exhortations, if ineffectual, are, at any rate, not contemptible. As much can hardly be said of the appeals which flow in such anxious abundance from the Gladstonian journalist, and which it is difficult for the most indifferent of onlookers to read without feeling that, if anything could harden him, in Mr. PARNELL's position, to defy Mr. GLADSTONE and all his following, it would be the methods adopted to bring him to submission. The varying doses of bluster and wheedle with which the (still) leader of the Irish party is daily plied in the English Radical press—loud denunciations of the vulgar LOTHARIO alternating with passionate appeals to the high-souled patriot—may well excite in that cynical observer the deepest emotions of disdain and disgust.

Lord SPENCER, at any rate, offers no such provocation. To him Mr. PARNELL is still the high-souled patriot after all, just as the Irish people and party (all, we suppose, but the recreant seventeen who want to drum him out) are all so many generous creatures of impulse who cannot bring themselves to bid farewell to Mr. PARNELL, not because they hope so much from him in the future, but because he has done so much for them in the past. "I can't not," says Lord SPENCER, rising unconsciously to the manner of Mr. CHABRAND, "I cannot myself blame the Irish for not repudiating at once Mr. PARNELL; and why do I say this? I say it," my brethren, or rather ladies and gentlemen, "because they owe a debt of the deepest gratitude to Mr. PARNELL for the services which he has rendered." Nor can we think hardly of Mr. PARNELL if, in the light of his duty to himself, and from a feeling of how much Mr. STEWART, say, owes to Mr. PARNELL (there is less difficulty than usual in deciding this statesman's personality), he is unwilling to retire from the post of leader. Evidently he ought not to be roughly dealt with in Lord SPENCER's opinion, differing conspicuously on this point from that of the *Daily News*, on alternate days. The Irish people ought to ask him to "step down from the pinnacle where he stands in their affections and give up the lead of the Irish party." And the English Gladstonian ought, we gather, to back up this appeal, and, in the same humbly conciliatory spirit, "We"—that is, Lord SPENCER and his friends—"who have been working with the Irish, and working for their cause for the last five years, may appeal to Mr. PARNELL, and may appeal to the Irish nation, to meet us in this respect, and not to endanger their own cause, this great cause—merely on account of Mr. PARNELL, whom we honour, and whom we well understand they honour so much." It is not desirable that this honoured statesman should "at the present moment" remain as the leader of the Irish party. In other words—and here Lord SPENCER ranges himself in line with those stern advocates of domestic morality who feel that, if there is any moment when the obligations of the Seventh Commandment are more binding than at others, it is when the Nonconformist section of the Home Rule party are making themselves troublesome—it is not desirable "at the present moment" to retain Mr. PARNELL as leader. He should retire "for a time"—a few months, Mr. DAVITT has put it at, though, perhaps, now that he knows how his friend "let him in" with reference to his defence to the divorce suit, he will extend the period of penance by a few weeks. But that is the "note" of all these moralists down to the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES himself. We wonder whether the "awakened Nonconformist conscience" is really soothed in this fashion. If so, it is, indeed, easily lulled to sleep.

THE COMEDY OF DRUMMING OUT.

THE details of the very curious and complicated proceedings of last Tuesday concern, in the first place, the Gladstonian, not the Unionist, party; and there appear to be considerable differences in the way in which those whom they chiefly concern regard them. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE made a mistake in choosing Mr. McCARTHY to convey his wishes—Mr. HENRY CAMPBELL is, we believe, the intermediary employed by Mr. PARNEll in important matters—why Mr. McCARTHY played the very curious part which is assigned to him by the *Freeman's Journal*, whether the meeting of innocent Irish members was a trick of Mr. PARNEll's, or the drumming-out letter a trick of Mr. GLADSTONE's, are matters of some interest, but also matters which can wait. What is certain is that the purely Gladstonian party was on Wednesday morning furiously angry with Mr. PARNEll, and that the purely Parnellite party was not on that morning in very ardent charity with Mr. GLADSTONE. The utterances of the English Gladstonians in particular were heartrending, and their description of the climax of crime reached by Mr. PARNEll appalling. He had broken the commandments, he had broken the law, he might very conceivably have broken the water-pipe; and, as if all this were not enough, he had "treated Mr. GLADSTONE with lamentable want of courtesy." Mr. GLADSTONE himself, with that almost unbelievable want of humour which characterizes him, laments himself that Mr. PARNEll, who offered his resignation in 1882 when he, Mr. GLADSTONE, did not want it, refuses it in 1890 when it would be extremely convenient. To this the Irish retorted, with perfect truth, that "it was Mr. GLADSTONE who came to Mr. PARNEll, not 'Mr. PARNEll who came to Mr. GLADSTONE,'" and resented the assumption that the Irish party is a portion of the Gladstonian party. Not ours the attempt to console either, or to reconcile both. Indeed, the conduct of the two leaders appears to us perfectly natural. In Mr. GLADSTONE there is no difficulty. His party, indeed, claims for him the moral sublime. There might have been some if his letter had been dated a week earlier, but the moral sublime which waits to see how the Nonconformist cat will jump is not Himalayan in height or saintly in morality. To Mr. GLADSTONE the Parnellite alliance has been throughout simply a matter of votes, and it is a matter of votes still. The transfer, or even the withholding, of the Nonconformist vote would, no doubt, cost Mr. GLADSTONE even more English votes than Mr. PARNEll has brought him Irish. On the other hand, Mr. PARNEll has always treated on equal terms. He has been told by his allies that their sole reason (a reason which cannot be affected by his personal misdemeanours) for joining him is their conviction that Home Rule is necessary and right; and he has been accustomed to rule his party with absolute sway. Even if he had intended to retire, his play would have been correct, as giving him a greater air of voluntary action. He may very well have calculated that, if he stood out, Mr. GLADSTONE would give in; and it is very probable that Mr. GLADSTONE would.

With all this Unionists have, as it cannot be too often repeated, to do rather as spectators than as actors. In this particular heat of the race they have not got to ride, they have only got to sit. Whatever be the immediate result of the affair, the Gladstonian-Parnellite party cannot but be weakened by it; but no means of strengthening that weakness could be so effectual as the suspicion, still more the knowledge, that Unionists were thinking of making the use of this incident imprudently suggested by some. It would supply the common danger which is the greatest bond of union; it would set the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES a-calculating whether he loves the seventh commandment more than he hates the Church of England; it would make Mr. GLADSTONE forget his scruples, and the Irish the hectoring which they have received from their loving allies. As it is, events are playing the game of the Union as well as it can be played. The hollowness of the Separatist alliance has been shown almost equally on both sides, the English having been, as they say, convinced that their associates are persons reckless of moral laws, and the Irish seeing that their associates are domineering, if not also hypocritical, meddlers. These convictions must do good on both sides. The Irish will be still more and more convinced that the Gladstonian devotion to Home Rule is a mere pretext, at best a mere price. As for the English, they are, if we may believe them, at length disillusioned with Mr.

PARNEll. The beginning of disillusion is as the letting out of waters, and it may be that, now it has once begun, it will not stop short at their Irish leader.

THE GREEK PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE production of the *Ion* this week will be remembered, we think, among the most successful undertakings of the Greek Play Committee at Cambridge, and it has confirmed our opinion that these performances are something more than an elegant amusement for scholars and the more or less scholarly public which frequents University ceremonies. Such, we believe, is the opinion formed, after an experience now ten years old, by almost all competent observers, and not least by those who know anything of the modern stage. In the actual presentation of a Greek play, many practical questions of its dramatic effect and significance are forced upon the managers and the audience. Although by no means irrelevant to right understanding of the work as a whole, or, in places, to the literary criticism of the text, these are precisely the points which even a careful and intelligent reader is most likely to overlook in the study. They have certainly been overlooked oftener than not by editors and critics who know the Greek theatre, or any theatre, only in books. It is easy to say that the modern acting version of a Greek play is not, and cannot be, the real thing, or anything that an old Greek would have recognized as plausibly like it. Nobody can deny that it is a grave drawback to the actors to speak or sing in a language not understood by a considerable number of the audience, and with a wholly conventional elocution. And it is certain that the nearest approach we can make in a modern theatre to the arrangements of the Athenian stage is a compromise in which the modern elements largely prevail. All this is so, but it is no less true that in all times and under all forms there is a great deal of permanent dramatic nature in the drama, and it can be effectually brought out, save for readers gifted with exceptional sympathy and imaginative power, only by acting the play. Shakespeare's theatre, after all, was different enough in material conditions from our own; it is even said by the learned that the pronunciation of English as Shakespeare and his fellows spoke and heard it would be barely intelligible to us now. But this does not prevent Shakespeare from holding the stage; and there are certainly some of his plays—*The Taming of the Shrew*, for instance—which must be seen on the stage to be appreciated.

Almost every revival of a Greek play in these latter years has taught us the same lesson. We have come away convinced that the Attic dramatists were not only great poets, but great theatrical artists. Notably this was the case with the *Eumenides* some years ago. The revelation of its acting qualities was altogether beyond what the majority of the spectators expected. In Euripides the construction is more modern than in Aeschylus, and the interest of the action is more obvious. It is less surprising, therefore, that the situations of Euripidean tragedy should be effective in a modern revival. On the other hand, they are so much nearer to our ways of thought that the drawbacks are comparatively slight. The *Ion* gains by being acted rather than read, very much like a good modern play which is also good literature. Few scholars who have seen the performance at Cambridge doubt that the gain is a real one. The critical situation is not of those which depend on the setting of the scene or the correctness of accessories. Its interest is not even bound up with the details of the complications which have led to it. We cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Verrall had seen and heard the play on the stage before and not after writing his introduction, he would have been less confident in his ingenious (but to us most improbable) theory of the plot. He asks us to believe that, according to the poet's own conception of the story, Creusa was not Ion's mother at all; that the discovery by which the tragic situation is resolved is itself an elaborate fraud; and that the more discerning part of the audience, at any rate, were expected to make out this at the performance by piecing together various minute indications. Now to this supposition, after seeing as well as reading the play, we find one overwhelming objection; it wholly destroys the point of the argumentative dialogue between Ion and Creusa. And, again, it seems to us, with some force, we confess, in reading, but yet more forcibly in seeing, that Mr. Verrall's evidences for his theory are of the kind which may be constructed with an air of plausibility by picking out phrases up and down the text in one's study, but which (supposing them in themselves capable of the meaning put on them) would be quite imperceptible in the movement of the acted play.

With regard to the acting on this occasion, we have no doubt that Mr. Newton of King's, who took the leading and trying part of Creusa, deserves the first meed of praise. It is a part of sustained exertion and passion, and in many places a slight mistake in any direction might have converted the tragedy into involuntary burlesque, especially when we consider the somewhat ticklish composition of the audiences on these occasions. Your undergraduate at a play is almost as "tickle o' the seat" as the junior Bar in court at the hearing of a dull case. Mr. Newton was always dignified in speech and gesture, and often really powerful. Mr. Powys of Trinity looked and acted the part of Ion well, and yet we were in a manner disappointed. Consider-

ing what Ion's place is, and what his birth is proved to be, we think he should have a rather marked air of distinction. Mr. Powys's Ion was an affable young gentleman, quite at his ease with all sorts of company, but not exactly distinguished. We doubt not that the temple at Delphi, whose officers knew the secrets of all the noble families of Hellas, was much more like a great family solicitor's office than the common books of antiquities let us know. But it follows not that the minister of the temple who kept the outer court, and received pilgrims before passing them on to the more secret ministers of the oracle, was like the spruce modern clerk of a great solicitor; still less that it is expedient to give him that sort of air on the stage. Among the other performers, where all was good, we may single out the admirable get-up of Mr. Palk of Trinity as Creusa's ancient serving-man. The stage-management and the conduct of the music—inseparable from the success of the piece and from each other—were in the thrice-tried hands of Mr. J. W. Clark and Mr. Stanford, and the result was as good as anything could be. There was no hitch of any kind. The grouping was always tasteful and dramatically effective; the entries of the chorus were always at the right moment, and their evolutions correct, notwithstanding the limited space. In the composition of the chorus one liberty was taken; and it was the only way to avoid the incongruity of female attendants singing with male voices. The chorus was turned into a chorus of men, and the dialogue which necessarily belongs to Creusa's handmaids was specially assigned to two persons on the stage. The "first maiden" and "second maiden" by the way (Mr. Wynne Wilson of St. John's and Mr. Olliver of Trinity), not only succeeded in "bearing their bodies seemly" in their unaccustomed garb, but were actors so well graced as to contribute materially to the scenic effect.

THE CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE end of the season has been chiefly remarkable for large fields and tedious delays at the starting-post; yet it is only fair to Mr. A. Coventry to say that, since he undertook his duties at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he has proved a skilful and successful starter. The fields at Derby were very large; and those at Warwick, the following week, were of good size, twenty starting for the Stoneleigh Maiden Plate on the Monday, twenty-one for the Grendon Nursery on the Tuesday, and nineteen for the Midland Counties Handicap on the Wednesday—a considerable improvement upon the fields at the same meeting a year ago, when a dozen was the largest number of horses that ran for any one race. At Manchester the fields were still larger; on the first day eighty-eight horses ran; the meeting opened with a field of twenty-three, and twenty and sixteen ran for two other races.

The Manchester November Handicap is the last great handicap of the season, and as such it is worth a little study. "Mr. Abington's" Father Confessor was put at the head of it, but he did not accept. He had been honoured with the same position for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and for Mr. Rose's Handicap at the Newmarket First October Meeting, although for the latter handicap Tyrant and Sheen (whose subscription as a sire for next season, at 100 guineas, by the way, is already full) were given the same amount of weight. Forfeit was paid for the five most heavily weighted horses, and this left Fallow Chat, the winner of last year, at the head of the acceptances. Mr. Vyner was good enough to have it stated very early in the sporting journals that that mare was coughing and was a doubtful starter, or she would have been heavily backed, and, as it was, she stood at 11 to 1 when the announcement was made. A few days later, as she was still coughing, she was very properly scratched. On the first day at Northampton, M. Ephrussi's Modestie was made favourite at 7 to 1; but on the second, after she had had a capital gallop of two miles and was being freely backed, she was suddenly scratched. There may have been excellent reasons for this proceeding. When Modestie was scratched, Mr. John Charlton's pretty, wiry, strong-quartered little mare, Silver Spur, the winner of the Great Ebor and Great Yorkshire Handicaps, was made favourite; but she soon had to give way to another four-year-old filly, the Duke of Hamilton's Mercy, who had been unplaced for all her races this year and was handicapped within 6 lbs. of Silver Spur. Another favourite was the Duke of Beaufort's three-year-old, Parlington, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, who was handicapped 10 lbs., again, below Mercy. Since the Epsom Spring Meeting his only performance had been to run unplaced for the Cesarewitch; but he started an equal favourite with Silver Spur at 6 to 1 for the November Handicap. Mr. R. Vyner's Lily of Lumley, who was handicapped 1 lb. above Parlington, was also a popular candidate. She had won races this year and shown some fair form; but at Doncaster she had been handicapped on equal terms with Silver Spur, whereas now she was placed a stone and a pound below her, in consequence of her wretched running for the Great Yorkshire Handicap. Mr. Blake's seven-year-old horse, Conservator, had done very little racing since he was a two-year-old, and he had only won two races in his life; but last year he had run second for this very stake. He was handicapped nearly a couple of stone below Silver Spur, and, although a small horse, he is very powerful; so many people thought that, over a heavy course under a moderate weight, he might very likely win. Then there was Mr. Burton's great, fine, lengthy, chestnut Bar-

caldine colt, Barmecide, who had beaten Lily of Lumley by four lengths when receiving 11 lbs., and was now to give her 3 lbs. He, also, was considered to be a horse suited to mud; for while he has great strength and "reach," he has scarcely speed enough to beat fast horses on hard ground. Mr. P. Buchanan's Star Trap was three-year-old that had run in fourteen races this season and had won four, and, although they were of a low class, as a winner she was let off very lightly by being put in only 2 lbs. above the bottom weight in the handicap; and this reminds us that at the bottom of the handicap was Oxeye, who had won one race this year and five last year, including the Osmaston Nursery Handicap at Derby. Something, however, must be at the bottom, and Oxeye had shown some despicable form this season. Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember, whom he had beaten at Derby by a neck at 1 lb. a year ago, was now to give him as much as 25 lbs., as well she might on her form of this season; and this long, low, powerful filly, with her wide hips and well-placed shoulders, although not over favourably handicapped, had many backers. The neat little Australian horse, Ringmaster, had run fourteen times this season, and had only won one race, a hundred-pound plate. There was also that venerable plater, the eternal Tommy Tittlemouse, with only 7 st. 8 lbs. on his eight-year-old back.

There were five or six false starts; but at last the field got away on even terms. The ground was very deep in mud, and, making allowances for this, the pace was good. Brackley and Star Trap made the running during the early part of the race. When they had travelled over about half the course, Oxeye took the lead. More than a quarter of a mile from home Conservator and Brackley were beaten, and a little further on Oxeye also gave way. Shall We Remember then took up the running, attended by Parlington, Star Trap, Tommy Tittlemouse, Lily of Lumley, and Ringmaster. Below the distance the race had become a match between Shall We Remember and Parlington, who came on almost side by side, although very wide of each other, and well in front of the rest of the field. On reaching the stands, S. Loates called upon Parlington to make a final effort, and he dashed forward and won by three lengths. At the same time Ringmaster made a rush, passed several of his opponents as if they were standing still, and ran third, within three-quarters of a length of Shall We Remember. Old Tommy Tittlemouse was a very respectable fourth.

The Duke of Portland is again the largest winner of the year; but with 25,000*l.* instead of 73,000*l.* Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. H. Milner, General Byrne, Mr. A. W. Merry, "Mr. Abington," Colonel North, and Lord Calthorpe come next, with winnings from 14,000*l.* down to 10,000*l.* Among the jockeys, T. Loates, G. Barrett, J. Watts, S. Loates, F. Rickaby, and J. Fagan are the half dozen at the head of the list so far as winning mounts are concerned; but, in percentage of winnings to mounts, the best half dozen stand in the following order:—J. Fagan, J. Watts, T. Cannon, T. Loates, S. Loates, and F. Rickaby. The young stallion, St. Simon, whose stock won 24,000*l.* last year, has done still better this season with 32,000*l.*, and Barcaldine has risen from 9,000*l.* to 16,000*l.* Last year Bend Or's stock had only won about 6,000*l.*, whereas this season they have placed 17,000*l.* to his credit. On the other hand, the winnings of the stock of Hampton have fallen from 35,000*l.* to 7,000*l.*, and those of the stock of Galopin from 43,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* We only give the sums in round numbers.

MONEY MATTERS.

A RECOVERY in prices on the Stock Exchange after the crisis through which we have passed was natural. The intervention of the Bank of England and the other large banks has insured the payment in full of Messrs. Baring's acceptances. There is good ground for hoping that no serious failures will be allowed. And the scare upon Wednesday of last week was only indirectly due to Messrs. Baring's difficulties. It was reported that several joint-stock banks would refuse to lend to the Stock Exchange at the Settlement this week. Speculators, therefore, fearing they would be unable to carry over, and might be utterly ruined, sold their stocks at whatever prices they could get. After a panic of the kind a certain amount of recovery was to be expected. But we fear that the rise in prices is being carried too far and too quickly, and that unless there is a halt mischief will be done. As we have already said, there are good grounds for hoping that serious failures will not occur. But it would be misleading to say that grave difficulties do not still exist. Several great houses which have been able to weather the storm have still a large lock-up of capital, and have suffered very heavy losses. Speculators generally have suffered equally from the depreciation of South American and North American securities. And a shock has been given to credit from which it will not speedily recover. It is said, indeed, by operators on the Stock Exchange that before very long the Bank of England's reserve will probably reach 20 millions; that money, therefore, must become so abundant and cheap that speculation will be stimulated, and that prices will rise. But it is forgotten that the greater part of the gold now coming to the Bank of England will have to be repaid in a few months; that consequently the Bank cannot allow money to become abundant and cheap; that if, in spite of the Bank, it becomes easy, gold will be shipped to New York, Berlin, South Africa, India, and other places, and that then there

[November 29, 1890.]

will be another scare, followed by a severe pinch when the Bank of France has to be repaid. To this operators reply that the Bank of England will prevent serious difficulties. We would recommend all concerned not to calculate too certainly upon that. The Bank of England intervened to assist Messrs. Baring, and it received guarantees against loss in doing so from all the banks because it was known that the failure of Messrs. Baring would have caused a shock that would be felt to the ends of the earth. But there are few houses like Messrs. Baring Brothers, and if the smaller houses defy experience and rush into difficulties, they must take the consequences. The Bank of England is not likely to help those who have not sufficient security to offer. And if it did so, public opinion would soon compel it to change its tactics; for there must not be even a suspicion of mismanagement at the Bank of England.

It is not at home only that serious difficulties exist. In Germany speculation has been rampant for years, and the slow liquidation that began twelve months ago is far from being completed yet. The bad state of the finances of Spain and Portugal is a danger to the Paris Bourse; and in New York there has been a crisis almost as severe as our own. There is a great lock-up of capital, a great stringency in the money market; heavy losses have been suffered by capitalists and speculators, and credit has received a shock; while trade is disorganized by political uncertainty. Operators, indeed, point to the combination of Mr. Jay Gould with the Vanderbilts and the Drexel Morgans as an assurance that rate troubles in the West are about to be ended. That is a sufficient argument, no doubt, for the mere speculator, who, provided there is an early rise that will enable him to sell at a profit, cares nothing what may happen afterwards. It is not an argument to mislead investors. Any one who knows anything of the past history of Mr. Jay Gould will put little faith in his promises of amendment, or in his professed desire to put an end, for all time to come, to wars of rates. There appears to be no doubt that he has got control of the Union Pacific; but it is not many years since he was driven from the control of that Company because of his mismanagement, and previous to that he wrecked the Erie. It is quite probable that he may wish for a rise in prices. Apparently he bought when prices were very low; and his usual custom is to exert himself to put up prices, to sell out when he has succeeded, and then to wreck the property of which he had obtained control. If he follows the same tactics now, he will be profuse in professions to Messrs. Drexel Morgan and Messrs. Vanderbilt, and he may even enter into engagements with them. But if he succeeds in bringing about a great rise in prices, he will be untrue to his past if he does not injure both those with whom he has contracted and the property he has controlled. It remains to be seen whether he can succeed in raising prices for any length of time. Circumstances in America are not favourable to him, public opinion is hardly likely to put much trust in his professions, and European investors, we hope, will keep clear of all securities with which he can tamper.

But the most serious danger of all affecting the Stock Exchange is the condition of the Argentine Republic. Since the change of Government there the Argentines have been hoping that Messrs. Baring Brothers would advance the money necessary to enable the Republic to reorganize its finances, and keep faith with its creditors. Now Messrs. Baring Brothers are not in a position to do so, and it is very uncertain whether other houses will give the required aid. Meantime credit is utterly paralysed, trade is depressed, and failures are occurring every day, while emigration on a considerable scale has set in. So utter is the collapse of credit that the premium on gold is higher than it was even before the fall of the Celman Administration. On Tuesday last it was reported to be as high as 250 per cent.—that is to say, one gold dollar was equal in value to three and a half paper dollars. While, according to private telegrams received in the City, the premium was over 300 per cent. The consequence was so grave that the Government had to close the Bourse, and large numbers of commercial houses suspended payment. It is only too probable that a crash so complete will be followed by political disturbance, and it is doubtful therefore whether the new Government will be able to hold its position. In any case, what is happening makes still more difficult the task of reorganizing the finances so as to enable the Republic to pay its way. But if the worst happens, the losses not only in this country, but upon the Continent, will be very severe, and are only too likely to revive alarm.

The Fortnightly Stock Exchange settlement, which began on Tuesday, has passed off more smoothly than at one time any one could have anticipated. The banks, which it was feared early last week would call in loans, did not do so, and though up to Friday evening it was thought that they would charge stiff rates, they proved themselves very lenient, lending freely at about 6 per cent. Within the Stock Exchange the accounts to be carried over were small. Apparently there is still a considerable account open for the fall, for there was a scarcity of stock in the home railway market, and there was also a scarcity of Spanish, Greek, and Argentine. How far this scarcity was real it is not easy to say. In any event rates were very easy, and even in the American market they did not exceed 7 per cent. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that there must necessarily have been large buying by investors. No doubt there was some investment buying during the past week or two, but the bulk of the buying was by speculators who sold what they had not possessed, and by powerful operators who desired to restore confidence to the market, and who, the better to carry out their

purpose, paid for the stocks, and withdrew them from the market this week.

It was perhaps inevitable that the great influx of gold should lead to a sharp fall in the rates of interest and discount. During the week ended Wednesday night nearly two millions in gold were received from abroad, and during the fortnight ended that night the imports amounted to as much as 5½ millions, while about 1½ million more is on the way to this country. It is to be presumed that gold will now begin to flow back from the provinces, Scotland, and Ireland, in considerable amounts, and, therefore, the Bank of England's Reserve is likely to assume almost unprecedented proportions before long. It is not surprising under the circumstances that the value of money should have fallen rapidly. Loans were made to the Stock Exchange, as already stated, at 6 per cent. The rate for day-to-day loans has fallen at times as low as 3 per cent.; and the quotation for discount is now about 4½ per cent.: and the Indian banks have placed the bills which are to arrive next week at from 4½ to 4¾ per cent. If this goes on, it is inevitable that gold shipments will begin, and they are likely to be large if once they set in for New York. It is to be recollect that the French and Russian gold, amounting together to 4½ millions sterling, have to be repaid, and if much of the metal is now exported, the Bank will be in difficulty by-and-by, alarm will in consequence spring up in the market, and we may have another period of crisis almost as severe as that through which we have passed. Although the banks and the discount-houses are rashly competing for bills, they still owe very large amounts to the Bank of England. During the week ended Wednesday, 19th, the outside market borrowed from the Bank over 7 millions; during the week ended Wednesday of this week the outside market repaid to the Bank not quite 2½ millions. On Wednesday night, therefore, the outside market still owed to the Bank about 4½ millions. The repayment of this debt will greatly reduce the supply in the outside market, and it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will do its utmost to maintain control. It ought not to lend at less than 7 per cent., or to discount below 6½ per cent., and, if necessary, it ought to borrow largely. It is important, above all things, that gold shipments should not be allowed.

It looks as if an attempt were about to be made to run up once more the price of silver. On Wednesday a rumour was circulated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would that evening announce that he intended to introduce a Bill for giving power to the Bank of England to issue ten millions of £1 notes, the notes to be secured upon silver. Every well-informed person recognized, however, that, if £1 notes are issued, they will be secured upon gold and not upon silver, as the object will be to increase the coin and bullion in the Bank of England. Therefore, that report was soon dropped, and it was said that a Free Coinage Act would be carried in the Session of Congress beginning on Monday, and would greatly raise the value of silver. Accordingly, the price of the metal, which, at the beginning of the week, was only 47d., has been run up to 48d. per ounce. It remains to be seen how the speculation will fare. In the United States there is a large accumulation of the metal, and production everywhere is increasing; while consumption was checked by the high price reached in September. Speculators in America are consequently disheartened, and the Silver party appear to be intent upon passing a Free Coinage Bill—a Bill, that is to say, which shall enable every holder of silver to send it to the American Mints, and have it coined free of charge. In that case, of course, the Government will cease purchasing. The Silver party hope that such a measure would not only raise the price of silver, but would keep it permanently high. It is, of course, impossible to foresee what would happen. But the probability is strong that the Silver party will be utterly disappointed. That they are powerful enough to pass a Free Coinage Bill in the new Congress appears to be certain. But they cannot compel the people to accept silver coin if they are not willing to do so, nor can they compel the banks. As the New York Associated Banks and those of the principal Eastern cities now refuse silver, they will continue to do so after a Free Coinage Act. Therefore, it seems extremely probable that a Free Coinage Act would not increase the use of silver amongst the public, and as it would stop the Treasury purchases, it would almost inevitably lead to a sharp fall in the price of the metal. However, the Silver party refuses to see this, and it is possible that, if ease returns to the New York money market, there may be a renewed speculation in the metal, and a rise for a short time, followed of course and inevitably by a further fall.

IN CHANCERY.

FENDLESS possibilities underlie the happy notion on which Mr. Pinero has founded his farce *In Chancery*—that of a man who receives a knock on the head in a railway accident, and forgets everything that had happened previously, even his own name and abode. Such a personage is an extraordinarily suitable central figure for a farce, and Mr. Pinero well understands how to make much of him. The conception has the further merit of furnishing Mr. Terry with a character abounding in opportunities for the exhibition of his quaint methods, and the revival at Terry's Theatre presents dramatist and actor in a very favourable light. It is a curious fact that perplexity has often a comic side that

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very readily lends itself to mirth. There seems, as a rule, to be something inherently ludicrous about a person who is sorely puzzled, and surely nothing can well be more puzzling to a man than an unsuccessful endeavour to recollect who he is and where he lives. Mr. Terry's nervous hesitating manner, with a sort of retrospective eye gazing vainly for something out of sight, is irresistibly funny. An incident which naturally suggests itself, given the oblivious man, is to make him—forgetting, of course, that he has a wife—come to the brink of matrimonial relations with another woman; and here Mr. Pinero furthermore equips him temporarily with another wife. For, on the evidence of a card found in the pocket of a great-coat (which does not belong to him, though of that he is unaware), he supposes that he is Montague Joliffe, and Mrs. Joliffe, a ward in Chancery, flying with her husband, of whom detective is in pursuit, wishes to divert suspicion from the real Montague, so that in case of arrest the unconscious adopter of his name shall be the victim. The farce is very ingeniously put together, though Mr. Pinero has to carry out his mystification by the aid of the playbill, where Marmaduke Jackson is called Montague Joliffe, the veritable Joliffe being simply described as John. The audience does not know whether the unknown is married or not; and this part of the legend is kept for the last act, where the false Joliffe (accompanied by the real Mrs. Joliffe, her husband in attendance as a footman) arrives to occupy lodgings let by his wife, his supposed widow, who, having given him up as lost for ever, has set to work to earn a livelihood for herself.

The farce has, we believe, been played in London on one or two occasions for a few days, but has not won the notice it deserves, for it is a very genuine piece of fun thoroughly well worked out. A quainter figure is not easily conceivable than that of Marmaduke Jackson when, having greeted his own wife, whom he suddenly recognizes, memory returning to him as his eyes light on familiar objects, he gradually remembers that he has reached home with another bride, and that in all probability the girl he was to have married in the morning will soon be on the spot with her utterly unreasonable and violently irritable father. The strain of coincidence is to a great extent permissible in farce, though the little play would be better if Mr. Pinero had given a plausible explanation of the reason why the Joliffes go to such an out-of-the-way place as Sleepetton, and why, again, of all lodging-housekeepers in the country, they light upon Mrs. Jackson's rooms. One's enjoyment is increased when all the ends are smoothly worked in, when all the pieces of the puzzle fit exactly. Of the other parts, the only one that has noteworthy characteristics is the terribly touchy Irish landlord of the hotel to which the sufferers from the collision were taken, Captain McCafferty. No figure is more common on the stage than that of the man who loses his temper at the slightest, indeed without any, provocation; but Mr. Julian Cross contrives to give new colour to his representation of the type. A very small part, that of a maid at the lodging-house, was rendered prominent by the skilful handling of Miss Rose Dearing. This name is new to us, but its bearer has humour and perception of character. Mr. Pinero's dialogue in the farce is not remarkable for its wit; indeed, there are fewer quotable good things than are to be found in his pieces as a rule; but the natural utterances of the persons in the eccentric positions in which they find themselves are often particularly droll and diverting.

It is curious to note the critical attitude of a former generation which proclaimed *London Assurance* to be a brilliant work. Its conventionalities appeal little, or not at all, to playgoers of today who desire that there may be reason and probability in a dramatic piece—and *London Assurance* used to be set forth as an example of pure comedy—which could not have been formerly demanded. Conversation fifty years ago was somewhat inflated, but no people could ever have talked as the characters talk here, especially in the long and rhapsodical descriptions of nature and incident, one or more of which is allotted to almost every personage in the play. To some slight extent the glaring unreality of the extremely artificial piece is mitigated by the adoption of costumes of the period, but judged by the modern standard *London Assurance* is unacceptable. Mr. Wyndham rattles through the part of Dazzle in his usual farcical style, heavily weighted with a Charles Courtney, in the person of Mr. Bourchier, whose attempts at lightness are of the most laborious and clumsy character. Mr. Farren's Sc Harcourt is a careful and efficient study, and Mrs. Bernard Reere gives a new reading of Lady Gay Spanker, which makes her more natural and womanly than she is prone to appear. Miss Mary Moore is an agreeable Grace Harkaway, and Mr. Vincent an adequate Max.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD, not satisfied with the very full reply to his objections in the *Saturday Review* of September 27, has appeared in the columns of the *Academy* with a fresh letter of some length. We need not in strictness take notice of this; but, as we are especially jealous of our historical accuracy, we will for the last time bestow a portion of our space on Mr. Arnold, who now practically limits his complaints to two, or rather three, points—respecting the question of the relationship of Geoffrey of York and William Longsword to Fair Rosamond, the dispute between Bishop Arfast and the convent, and the remarks on monastic exemptions—which he says “may be sound Anglican doctrine, but have nothing to do with historical science.”

We shall take the liberty of reversing Mr. Arnold's order. With regard to the “Anglican” question, we might plead a certain celebrated sentence as to the privilege of Dorians to speak Doric. But we prefer to pass, remarking only on the singularity of that view of “historical science” which thinks that the relations of the Papacy to nations and national churches have “nothing to do” with it. With regard to Bishop Arfast, we must leave the judges to whom Mr. Arnold appeals, or others, to decide whether *ut intelligitur comitatus* in the eleventh century could have the intensely nineteenth-century meaning of “that the feeling,” or, as Mr. Arnold now modifies it, “the opinion of the county should be ascertained,” instead of referring to such a regular hearing and decision by shire-moot as that which Mr. Freeman gives account of within a few years of the time on Penenden Heath. And we may add that, as Mr. Arnold appeals to Bishop Stubbs, and then complains of our reviewer for writing as if there were no such thing as a system of canon law, he had better see what Bishop Stubbs has to say about the Canon Law in England during the Conqueror's reign at p. 344 of his *Lectures on Medieval and Modern History*.

But the Rosamond matter is different, and we are fairly amazed at a writer who deals with Latin documents and English history attaching to Latin and English texts the meaning which Mr. Arnold attaches. He says now, “Far be it from me to assert positively that either Geoffrey or William was the son of Fair Rosamond.” He had in his book positively and *sans phrase* (p. 77 note) called Longsword “a son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond”; (p. 227 note) Geoffrey “the son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond.” He says that our reviewer is more positive on the side of denial than the facts warrant. His own colleague in the Rolls Series, the late Mr. Dimock, the editor of Giraldus, had used stronger language than our reviewer; but this is nothing. Mr. Arnold actually says that the words of Giraldus, “qui adulter antea fuerit occultus, effectus postea manifestus,” show “that the connexion existed previously.” There is not one word in this text or context which shows, or even hints, that Giraldus meant the “ante adulter” to refer to Henry as the lover of Rosamond; and how any one who understands Latin can think there is passes our comprehension. But Mr. Arnold had a greater surprise for us than this. He says that Bishop Stubbs, “as might be expected, writes on this matter with the caution of a true critic (see his note at p. lxxv of the third volume of *Hoveden*).” We did “see” it, and so shall the reader. It runs thus: “If his mother [Geoffrey's—born, according to Giraldus, in 1151] were indeed Fair Rosamond, who is described as a girl in 1176, she must have been the king's mistress for six and twenty years, and he must be credited with constancy at least.” The Bishop is known as a master of irony when he pleases, but he could hardly have expected that Mr. Arnold, or any one, would tumble into so open a pit as this. Yet we have more against Mr. Arnold. The very note to which he appeals sends the reader to the editor's preface to Benedict of Peterborough. There Dr. Stubbs (ii. xxxi. note) writes that the passage “qui adulter antea” . . . settles two traditional statements about Rosamond—namely, that she was the mother of Geoffrey, who was born about 1158, and that she was put out of the way by Eleanor.”

It is scarcely worth while after this to go into the less certain matter as to Longsword; the exposure of the manner in which Mr. Arnold reads and appeals to his authorities should be sufficient, and, as far as we are concerned, is.

THE WESTMINSTER GHOST-DANCERS.

I.

TELL us not, ye Transatlantics,
Of your Indians' wild unrest,
And the formidable antics
That alarm you in the West.
Though your panic-stricken ranches
Tremble at those savage men—
Sioux, Arapahoes, Comanches,
The Kiowa, the Cheyenne;
Though their frenzied dance be started,
Though in concert squaws and braves
Strive to summon their departed
Chiefs from their ancestral graves;
Know that here their mad gyration
Interests not any one—
In St. Stephen's “reservation”
Our ghost-dances have begun.

II.

Hands across and down the middle!
Choose your partners, give them room!
Easy 'twere to guess the riddle
Who it is belongs to whom.
Lo! yon aged warrior twirling
On his venerable “pins,”
Law and facts and morals whirling
Wildly round him as he spins;
While, distressed at his condition,
With a sort of spectral shame,
Flits the mournful apparition
Of his dead-and-buried fame.

See again you crowd of gapers
 Watch that pair as round they go ;
Whose are those phantasmal capers ?
Whose that shadowy heel and toe ?
 What that brace of figures ghostly
 That the statesmen twain have met,
 And to whom, reluctant mostly,
 Either dancer seems to "set" ?
 What, Sir William, thus you foot it
 To the *renuant* of your creed ?
 You that timidly salute it—
 Is it *you*, Sir George, indeed ?
 "Set," then, H-re-rt, scion royal,
 To that ghost of portly look !
 Great Tr-v-ly-n, once the loyal,
 That attenuated "spook" !

III.

Hands across and down the middle !
 Choose your partners—give them room ;
 Easy 'twere to guess the riddle
 Who it belongs to whom.
 Others here and there upsetting,
 Mark that Thinker, once so staid,
 Furiously pirouetting
 With a philosophic Shade.
 Is it ?—whisper—you have said it,
 You are right in your surmise,
 'Tis the ghost of M-rl-y's credit
 As the foe of Compromise.
 Nay, but who are these revolving
 Six in one, and one in six ;
 These who, each in each dissolving,
 Indistinguishably mix ?
 Is it Preston ? Are they Stewart,
 Smith, Fox, Campbell—who can tell ?
 Scarcely could even William Ew-rt
 Recognize his own P-rn-l.
 Round them spins one spectre single,
 'Tis the "High-souled Patriot" myth,
 Bowing grimly as they mingle,
 Now to Stewart, now to Smith ;
 Now saluting Fox and Campbell,
 Now obeying Preston's call,
 Now, amid the general scramble,
 Grinning mockery at them all.
 Hands across and down the middle !
 Choose your partners, give them room
 Easy 'twere to guess the riddle
 Who it belongs to whom.

REVIEWS.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.*

SOME twenty years ago there were three names of form and fear that persons learned in literature were wont to conjure with. There was Jones, there was Wells, there was Beddoes—there was Beddoes, there was Wells, there was Jones. If you knew Jones and Wells and Beddoes, and admired them, it was well with you. If you knew them not, you were the subject of scornful pity; if you knew them, and did not admire them—but of this crime no examples are preserved. It was, however, generally agreed that it would never be merry with English literature till Jones and Wells and Beddoes were reprinted. And they reprinted Jones, and that event did not cause the sensation which was expected. And they reprinted Wells, and the chief result was that some ribald invented a theory (demonstrably unhistorical and wantonly insulting) that Joseph himself was the author of *Joseph and his Brethren*, and that they put him in the pit because he would recite pieces of it to them. Now Mr. Gosse, undaunted by these exemplars, has reprinted Beddoes.

He was quite right to do so; for Beddoes really stands a long way above either of the two persons with whom we have leashed him. Ebenezer Jones was an odd cross in time as well as in nature between the cockney and the spasmodic schools, a person not devoid of a certain poetic gift, but not very distinct and still less accomplished. Mr. Wells was an interesting example of the "single-speech" poet, though there have been more interesting than he. But Beddoes is, in French slang, a person. What sort of a person he is we shall endeavour to indicate, but he is certainly one. Moreover, the history both of himself and of his works is very remarkable and unusual. If ever any man started fair for the usual career of an Englishman of the upper middle-class, it was Beddoes. He was the son of a well-known Clifton physician; he was the nephew of Maria Edgeworth; he was educated at Charterhouse and Oxford; he was early introduced to literary society; he does not seem to have been under any necessity of earning his bread; he had what are the rarest of things to be found in conjunction, strong

literary tastes and faculties with apparently great aptitude for science. He did not die very young—he was forty-six when, as it is now at length admitted, he committed suicide by curare after a long and hideous series of attempts to do it by cutting himself about and hindering the cure of his wounds. If there was any great turning point of disappointment or disgust in his life, there is no record of it. If he was mad (which seems, at least as regards his latest days, certain), he succeeded in avoiding compromising displays of his madness for about two-thirds of the ordinary span of life. But, having taken his degree at Oxford, he went abroad and lurked in Germany and Switzerland (partly studying medical science) for nearly a quarter of a century, almost entirely hiding himself from family and friends. After publishing two volumes of undergraduate verse, one of which he tried to suppress, but the other of which is at least and at worst remarkable, he printed nothing for all the rest of his life, and though his masterpiece (or failure of a masterpiece) did see the light in little known and scarcely sold editions just after his death, thanks to a faithful friend, the great part of his MSS. lurked for years longer in a chest at the foot of Mr. Browning's bed (we do not know that it was at the foot of his bed, but we borrow from a gruesome story of our youth respecting a nabob who kept the bones of his black mistress in that position) and has only now come out. *Per contra*, Beddoes had in the above-mentioned friend, Mr. Kelsall of Farnham, a friend of a thousand. He had in a cousin of the other sex, Miss Zoe King, a friend equally faithful. He had a trusty guardian of his remains in Mr. Browning, and he has now had a diligent and admiring editor, Mr. Gosse, who had already (ten years ago) done him the not small service of introducing some of his best things to the general reader in Mr. Ward's *English Poets*.

The one thing that is known to the general reader about Beddoes is, perhaps, after all (as it sometimes, though not always, is), the principal thing:—to wit, that he was a person who had saturated himself with a certain school of Elizabethan drama, the school which began, as it would seem, with *Jeronymo*, continued through Marlowe, the author of *Lust's Dominion*, Marston, Tourneur, and Webster to Ford, with a small influence on Massinger, Middleton, and others, and a kind of reflection even on Shakespeare in *Titus Andronicus*. Of all these, Beddoes is nearest to Tourneur, Webster, and Marston, and of these again he is nearest to Tourneur. His chief work, *Death's Jest-Book*, his early Oxford play, the *Bride's Tragedy*, alike resemble that author, except in the remarkable lyrics which are Beddoes's chief title to fame, and in which the egregious Cyril was below his contemporaries. This likeness has, of course, never been missed from the first by any competent reader of Beddoes; but as such readers, or any readers of him, have been very few, it is not superfluous to repeat it. Unfortunately, however, for the later writer, he exaggerated the formlessness and the inconsequence even of this most formless and inconsequent of his models. The *Bride's Tragedy* may be excused on the score of youthfulness; hardly so *Death's Jest-Book*, which he wrote and rewrote almost to the point of making it a *chef d'œuvre inconnu*, while there is a large store of "trimmings" in the shape of passages intended for insertion, but not actually inserted. To give an argument of *Death's Jest-Book*, say, in thirty lines would be a very pretty examination question, and would task and test the wit of the examinees much more legitimately than some questions usually set. It is, though in an unusual sense, a *pièce à tiroir*, all full of motives, or submotives, which are constantly being disclosed, but which almost invariably come to nothing. It would take far too much room to sketch them—room which we want for other purposes. This formlessness begets the *Bride's Tragedy* in a lesser degree; and of the dramatic fragments, of *Torismond*, &c., it may fairly be urged that, fragmentary as they are, formlessness is natural and necessary to them. But, as Beddoes, with a great deal of leisure, in a long course of years and never attempting any poetical venture of importance except in dramatic form, did not succeed in mastering that form, it must be counted to him as a radical defect.

Nor does he, as it seems to us, attain that grace of his models which enables them to atone for formless wholes by miraculous scenes and splendid tirades. The African passages at the beginning of *Death's Jest-Book* have, indeed, a certain Calderonian rather than Shakespearian grace; the character of Floribel in the *Bride's Tragedy* (something like a Castiza or Ordella of the elders) is touching; and the *macabre* tone of Isbrand the jester, though by no means uniformly well carried out, is effective. Also, it is justly claimed for Beddoes that he had mastered to a great degree the Elizabethan mould of blank verse. He had; but it is surprising how little use he makes of it. Take this tirade from *Death's Jest-Book*:

Duke. Thither? Thither? Traitor
 To every virtue. Ha! What's this thought,
 Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,
 Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,
 And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak?
 I know the moment: 'tis a dreadful one,
 Which in the life of every one comes once;
 When, for the frightened hesitating soul,
 High heaven and luring sin with promises
 Bid and contend: oft the faltering spirit,
 O'ercome by the fair fascinating fiend,
 Gives her eternal heritage of life
 For one caress, for one triumphant crime.—
 Pitiful villain! that dost long to sin,
 And dar'st not. Shall I dream my soul is bathing
 In his reviving blood, yet lose my right,
 My only health, my sole delight on earth,

* *The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes*. Edited by Edmund Gosse. 2 vols. London: Dent.

For fear of shadows on a chapel wall
In some pale painted Hell? No: by thy beauty,
I will possess thee, maiden. Doubt and care
Be trampled in the dust with the worm conscience!
Farewell then, Wolfram: now Amen is said
Unto thy time of being in this world:
Thou shalt die. Hail the very word doth double
My strength of life: the resolution leaps
Into my heart divinely, as doth Mars
Upon the trembling footboard of his car,
Hurrying into battle wild and panting,
Even as my death-dispensing thought does now.
Ho! Ziba!

This reminds us, we confess, of that famous early sonnet of the Laureate's which begins

The form, the form alone is eloquent.

And it is particularly unfortunate for Beddoes that he chose for the most part the one literary kind in which form by itself will not do. We say for the most part, for there is another Beddoes, he of the lyrics, who is a much more successful and remarkable person. Even here the last or first grace of spontaneity and inevitability escapes him too often. For his comic efforts we have much less admiration than Mr. Gosse has. "The Oviporous Tailor" seems to us a nasty, to-the-Germanish, extravaganza; "Old Adam the carrier crow," the chief thing of the kind in *Death's Jest-Book*, a wooden and creaking *pastiche*; "Lord Alcohol," something a little below the late Dr. Mackay at his best. But a very different judgment must be passed on such things as this:—

I.
If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shak's from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

II.

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

and this:—

Far away,
As we hear
The song of wild swans winging
Through the day,
The thought of him, who is no more, comes ringing
On my ear.
Gentle fear
On the breast
Of my memory comes breaking,
Near and near,
As night winds' murmurous music waking
Seas at rest.
As the blast
Tearful eye
Sees the sun, behind the ocean,
Red i' th' west,
Grow pale, and in changing hues and fading motion
Wane and die:
So do I
Wake or dream

and this, for all its "you" and "thou" confusion:—

Dirge.
If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.
But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

Nobody who knows anything about poetry can pooh-pooh a poet who can write like that. If anybody says that it is easily done by reading the dirges in Webster and the songs in Shakespeare and Fletcher, and so on, let him go and read the same and write things like it and print them, and we will set upon his brow no ordinary critical crown. Mr. Gosse allows that these verses are artificial, but for ourselves we do not quite know what verse is not artificial. Some conceals the art more than others, and Beddoes's is not of such; but in the cases we have quoted and others, the art has entirely fused the matter and there is no

more to be said. At the same time it must be allowed that the stuff which is of this quality in him would hardly fill a dozen pages, and that there is a certain monotony in it which there should not be in a poet. What is more it is a monotony of the least pardonable kind, a monotony of excessive and apparently deliberate remoteness from frank and simple emotion. It might be unfair to say that Beddoes posed. His life and his work seem to have been very much of a piece, and the end of the former was certainly as grim as anything in the latter. But he has the air of posing, which is at least as bad as the reality and perhaps worse. On the whole, by far the best criticism on him is his own in the singular document which did duty for his will:—"I ought to have been among a variety [of other things] a good poet." He most certainly ought; we are not sure that for a few minutes now and then he was not one actually and really. But, as a whole, he was not, and the reason why is rather puzzling.

NOVELS.*

THERE are a few living novelists—good, bad, and indifferent—of whom it may be said that they have invented a style and, perhaps, even founded a school. Their faults and virtues have been talked and written about until the subject is threadbare, and when a new book by one of them appears the only question with regard to it is whether it is a good or a bad specimen of the work of its author. There is no occasion for a critic to tell the public anything about its style: they know what that will be well enough. Now, it would be as wearisome as it would be unnecessary to discuss once more all the literary virtues and vices of the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*; but this we may say, that when one of her books comes up for review after a set of novels describing old garden walls almost down to the very insects which crawl upon them, analysing "feelings" into countless constituents, and mixing motives until vice is almost indistinguishable from virtue, we turn to it with much the same sense of relief as that with which an ungrateful child will impatiently throw down one of the beautiful and "natural" juvenile books of the latest date and eagerly devour, say, *Jack the Giant Killer*. No author more thoroughly understands the art of murder made easy and wickedness without fatigue—we mean, of course, in a literary sense. Before ninety pages of *One Life, One Love* have been read, a leading character has been murdered, his wife has gone mad, and her future husband has fallen in love with her. The chief agent in the story is a refined and intellectual murderer—or, to be more accurate, an accomplice in murder. It is impossible to avoid asking oneself whether so wise and intelligent a man could be so unwise and unintelligent as to place himself completely in the power of an unscrupulous rascal like the actual murderer. After all, perhaps he might. There would be nothing very new in the employment of an agent in the accomplishment of a murder. But when this wonderfully clever man was aware that the agent intended to commit the murder on his own account, his cleverness might have inclined him to leave well alone; or if he thought it necessary to assist in the murder by furnishing information, one so clever might have supplied it quietly, without forcing himself into notice as the informant. Yet, although faith may be strained and common sense irritated by all this incomprehensible folly, as well as by a gentleman who walks about the streets of London with nearly 4,000*l.* worth of bank-notes in his pocket, and by two or three astounding coincidences, *One Life, One Love* is a very favourable specimen of the work of Miss Braddon, and it shows fewer symptoms of overwriting than some of her earlier novels. Unlike some of her books, it by no means owes all its merit to its plot. On the contrary, the details of the prettiest chapter have little to do with the story. They describe the life of an old Frenchwoman, "a poor pensioner of a noble family," living in a small room at the top of a shabby, narrow house in Paris. Good, again, is the description of "an old English mansion, with moss-grown walls and deep-set windows, and a general greyness and low tone of colour which some people find dispiriting"—a house that "touched" the visitor "by a kind of mournful beauty and a sense of quiet desolation"; a "dear old house, very shabby as to carpets and curtains, but with lovely old furniture of Sir Charles Grandison's period, with old china in every corner." The heroine roamed about the rooms, "opening into one another, quaintly inconvenient, with queer little doors, half wainscot and half wall-paper"—"rooms that suggest the world as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen knew it; a world in which people dined at five o'clock, and danced country dances, and played on the spinet, and painted on velvet, and talked about the luncheon-tray and the Britska." On the tables and chimney-pieces were cardboard hand-screens

* *One Life, One Love. A Novel.* By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret.*" 3 vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1890.

The Snake's Pass. By Bram Stoker, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

The Moment After: a Tale of the Unseen. By Robert Buchanan. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

The Miner's Right: a Tale of the Australian Goldfields. By Rolf Boldrewood, Author of "*Robbery under Arms.*" London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh; and other Tales. By Bret Harte. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

John Vale's Guardian. By D. Christie Murray, Author of "*Aunt Rachel*" &c. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

with pencil landscapes, spill-boxes, old albums and scrap-books, and work-baskets lined with faded satin. In short, the house was "full of things that had belonged to people who were all dead." No wonder that an "hour of silence and thoughtfulness in the desolate house" rendered the heroine's nerves "in a peculiar state!" When we came to a description of Venice, we expected to be bored with the usual rapturous rhapsodies devoted by novelists to that city, but we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves reading it with pleasure. By the way, when the writer of this review belonged to Bullingdon "Club at Oxford," it used not to be spelt "Bullendon."

Mr. Stoker has done well for himself and for readers of fiction in producing *The Snake's Pass*. The author's graceful and poetically-tinted *Under the Sunset* will be yet in the memory of many readers. In the volume now under notice Mr. Stoker has broken new ground, and broken it very well. The main plot of this story may be said to hang on the old, yet ever new, line, "ille mi par esse deo videtur"; and here "illa" falls as naturally and prettily in love as does he who sings enviously of "ille." The hero in *The Snake's Pass*, who is also the narrator of his own story, is an English gentleman of means travelling in Ireland, where he is captivated by the sweetest "colleen" that ever was seen. We have compressed, but not too much compressed, into one volume, readable from every point of view, a tale of true love, of a humorous and helpful car-driver, a wicked gombeen man, of two friends such as exist in undergraduate days, of triumphant virtue and baffled vice, and—last but not least—of a shifting bog which is an avatar of that King of the Snakes with whom St. Patrick had difficulties. The materials are, it will be seen, as simple as those for brewing potheen. The charm lies in Mr. Stoker's spontaneously original treatment of them, and here—to continue the metaphor—you have your true punch-maker. The descriptions of the scenery are singularly vivid and daring, without a touch of overlaying. The humour (we have hinted that Mr. Stoker has more than a touch of poetry) is true and unforced, and the interest never drags for a moment. There is not a single character, principal or subordinate, that is not sketched with a firm hand interpreting a keen insight. The dialect, both southern and northern, is, as might be expected, perfect. Andy, the car-driver, may fairly take rank with Lever's early creations. Had we space to quote, we should like to quote the relation in the beginning of the story of the legend of the Hill; but the scheme of the book is so complete that to select a portion here or there might do it injustice. Let us add that, while those who are disposed to care for a tale of love and villainy admirably told cannot but be well content with *The Snake's Pass*, geologists also might, if they like, make a pretty quarrel of Mr. Stoker's theory of shifting bogs, and we shall have shown that there is food for all tastes in Mr. Stoker's most enticing volume. We shall not say that we hope Mr. Stoker will proceed to give us a three-volume novel, for the gift of writing compact stories like this is a gift of itself. Therefore, we will say that we do hope for more of the same bright and finished kind from Mr. Stoker's pen.

Mr. Robert Buchanan gives us a very simple recipe for convincing a hardened atheist—hang him until he is almost dead; then cut him down, and serve up converted. In *The Moment After*, a double murderer refused to repent or to believe in anything. Then he was hanged; but, owing to a bungle, the rope "yielded strand by strand, until the man's feet slipped to the ground, and there, half-supported and half-suspended, the body, with horrid convulsions, spun slowly round and round." By degrees he recovered, declared that he had been dead, and reported things in the next world to be, with some few exceptions, exactly as they are usually represented in the picture-books. He was now a true believer, the chaplain could do anything with him, and his one great wish was to be hanged again. The next day "he had set down on paper" "one of the most curious records ever written by the hand of man," giving an account of his experiences while he "spun slowly round and round." Remembering Mr. Robert Buchanan's poetical powers, we expected much from what professed to be a description of the moment after death; we thought that we were about to read something which would put the *Dream of Gerontius* into the shade, if it did not quite reach the sublimities of the *Inferno*; what we found was an account of a man scampering backwards and forwards, "for years and years," over a sandy plain, and we longed for our Dante, or even our Newman. "Eastward, over the sandy and illimitable track, a gigantic shadow of the gallows, with a corpse swinging pendant therefrom in sable silhouette, rose upon the horizon." Presently the patient had the souls of the two people whom he had murdered as companions; and this little party of three ran about the sands with the eagerness of children at the seaside. Finally, they arrived before "Him, and knew the face" they "had seen in the pictures"; "the Man who was crucified on the Cross." Our knowledge of Mr. Buchanan's abilities makes us regret that he should have written such a book; for any dyspeptic patient might dream something as good as this. There is one passage in the work which we consider not only unfair, but mischievous. A doctor is speaking about the ill-managed hanging, and he is made to say:—

In the hospital, when cases are hopeless, they manage such things much better—quietly, with no pain. The victim does not even know that he is hanging over the brink of annihilation. One wave of the hand, one little push, and over he goes—disposed of for ever.

If it was worth while attempting to conceal the locality chosen

as the scene of the story, under the name of "the shipping port of Fordmouth," why let the cat out of the bag by calling it "Portsmouth" on p. 115? The epilogue is simply very disagreeable, and by far the best thing in the whole book is the proem at the beginning. Taken as a whole, we cannot see how anybody can be made better, happier, merrier, or even sadder, for that matter, by reading this odd volume. It is horrible enough to disgust, but not sufficiently startling to engender the sensation vulgarly known as "the jumps."

We come next to three of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s one-volume reprints, clad in their familiar scarlet covers. "First edition (3 vols. crown 8vo.) April 1890. New edition (1 vol. crown 8vo.) October 1890." This inscription faces the first page of *The Miner's Right*. We confess that, in this instance, we preferred the "3 vols. crown 8vo." for the print of the new edition is very small. While we admit that an early new edition is an excellent thing, we are disposed to think that authors and editors are apt to regard it too exclusively as a matter for pride and exultation. To us it appears that it ought to be equally an occasion for serious reflection, repentance, and amendment. Now we should have received the new one-volume edition of this capital tale of a gold-digger's life in Australia with far greater warmth and effusion if it had been weeded of something like two-thirds of its original bulk. It was a glorious opportunity, and it has been ruthlessly neglected. Fortunately there is not much love-making in the story, but what little there is might well have been what Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, used to call "gentled" a little in the new edition. This is the sort of thing, as it now stands:—"I supported her to a couch, and there, with her head leaning on my shoulder, we sat steeped in bliss so rarely granted to lovers in this changeful world." And again, "It was vouchsafed that I should wander amid groves hallowed by the presence of a pure and perfect love, gazing in the eyes of an Eve pure from every stain of mortal sin, as her guileless untempted prototype." If we did not think that there was much merit in the book, we should not put ourselves to the trouble of making these friendly remarks. The story is full of interesting adventures, and, turning from the author to the public, perhaps the best advice we can give, under the circumstances, is to read, skip, and excuse.

It is almost needless to say that a reprint of Mr. Bret Harte's *The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh; and other Tales* is certain to be popular. The story of the Marsh and its two wild occupants, who succumb to the attractions of civilization, is an admirable specimen of the author's descriptive powers; but it stops with a jerk at the end, and the reader is left to finish it for himself. An unhappy marriage for the one and *delirium tremens* for the other are the endings which we venture to suggest as the most probable for the two leading characters, under the circumstances. "A Knight Errant on the Foot Hills," a Californian tale of the year 1852, is a specimen of Mr. Bret Harte in his humorous style, and in its own line it is quite as clever as "*The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh*." It narrates the adventures of a modern Don Quixote, and he would be a terribly grave man who could read it through without a smile. "A Secret of Telegraph Hill" is simply a story, neither particularly descriptive nor particularly humorous, nor in any other way suited to show the special talents of the author to the best advantage. If not in quite his best style, "*Captain Jim's Friend*" is very characteristic of Mr. Bret Harte, and a good deal of it is amusing. Captain Jim "runs" "a mill o' literatoor and progress"—i.e. a local journal—and his "eddyter" is the friend in question. Having once taken him up and declared him to be one of the cleverest men living, nothing will induce him to admit the contrary, even when he finds him to be a humbug of the deepest dye, and a scoundrel as well; and when his "friend" has given him a mortal wound in a most underhand and murderous manner, rather than admit that he has been mistaken in the character of the man, he swears, as he is dying, that he himself had been trying to shoot his friend, who "got a hold o' his derringer, turned it agin" him in self-defence, and "served" him right. When the friend's scientific method of finding gold in a certain mine proves a failure, he accounts for it thus—"This yer blank fossiliferous trap, instead o' being superposed on top, is superposed on the bottom. And that means" "that this yer convulsion of nature, this prehistoric volcanic earthquake, instead of acting laterally and chuckin' the stream to one side, has been revolutionary and turned the old river-bed bottom-side up, and yer d—d cement he got half the globe atop of it! Ye might strike it from China, but nowhere else."

We are glad to welcome the appearance of *John Vale's Guardian* in one volume; for, although it is a book which may be enjoyed by people of any age, it is more especially suited for boys, to whom a book in three volumes is hardly a book at all, but only a broken thing not worth mending. Now that the work has come out in what boys will think a sensible form, we expect their verdict to be "An awfully jolly book."

MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

INTIMATE personal biography came conspicuously into vogue some thirty or forty years ago. Long previously to that period the private lives of famous personages had been described,

* *The Light of Other Days*. By Willert Beale (Walter Maynard). 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

indeed it is within a very few months of a century since Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* set a new example. But Dr. Johnson's life was described because he was a very famous man, famous men were fewer than biographers, as the taste for reading biography spread, and so in the course of time everyone whose name was sufficiently well known to furnish a writer with an excuse came to be portrayed for the public benefit in his habit as he lived. Actors and musicians were specially subject to this treatment. We can readily imagine that Miss Anastasia Robinson, the famous singer who became Countess of Peterborough, Miss Lavinia Fenton, who died Duchess of Bolton (not having lived in the enjoyment of that rank so long as she should have done), and other ornaments of the stage, had careers of a more interesting character than those of many of their successors; but these ladies had not their biographers, or at any rate those who wrote about them had comparatively little to say. The love of gossip increased, however, by what it fed on, till by the time that Mario and Grisi were in their zenith it grew to well nigh its present dimensions, and public personages may almost be said to have had no private lives. Mr. Willert Beale's book is a development of the spirit of the age. He was a boy when Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* was produced in 1835, and, from his position in a well-known firm of music publishers, was thrown into intimacy with many of the best known—and some less known—musicians of the period. He had a faculty for writing, and the consequence is the compilation of these volumes, which comprise reminiscences of men and women who made names for themselves in their day. Mr. Beale does not profess to write a history of the musical world during the period he has known it, and we miss much that we should have been glad to hear of musicians who visited and distinguished themselves in England in the years which the book covers. If Mr. Beale had contemplated this work he would very likely have gone, for instance, to hear the *Elijah* first given in this country, and would have been present at many places where events took place which are here ignored or made the subject of casual reference; but perhaps the author does well to confine himself to people and matters that have come under his personal observation, and we gladly bear witness to the fact that his recollections are given with no transgressions of good taste.

There seem to have been few famous singers and instrumentalists of the day that did not perform for Mr. Beale in his capacity of impresario. It was under his direction that Thackeray's Lectures on "The Four Georges" were delivered; he it was who introduced Dr. W. H. Russell as a lecturer after the return of that brilliant correspondent from the Crimea; and it will be readily understood that he has much to say about very interesting people of whom he saw a great deal. Mr. Beale has a good memory, and, moreover, kept a diary, so that probably little matter of importance has escaped him. We mentioned *The Siege of Rochelle* just now by way of fixing a date, because the representation of that opera is one of the author's earliest recollections. Balfe was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Beale senior; and the boy describes his surprise at seeing his friend on the stage, for Balfe played in this opera, singing with a voice of little power but of much sympathetic charm in spite of its decidedly husky quality. "The Light of Other Days," which Mr. Beale takes for the title of his book, is the chief baritone song in the work, and was made popular in some degree, he thinks, by the fact that the air is introduced by a cornet solo. Whether this was the first time Balfe resorted to this device for impressing a tune on his audience we do not know, but the late Sir Julius Benedict once informed the present writer that Balfe recommended the practice to him. "They hear the air as a symphony, and then at the beginning of the song and afterwards as a refrain, and so by the time it comes again in the second verse they know it and think it's pretty," was the composer's explanation. Balfe and Thalberg, the pianist, taught Mr. Beale how to play leapfrog; but there was no amiable frivolity about Liszt, who appeared about this time, and criticized his audiences for their lack of pretty women, amongst other defects. He was less successful than Thalberg, though the latter is now quite forgotten, while Liszt's work has a limited circle of ardent devotees. How little Balfe was esteemed in his own day is shown by the fact that Addison, the music publisher, refused to advance him £100. on *The Bohemian Girl* before the opera was produced. Several of his previous works had met with little success, it is true, but a publisher must have been a bad judge if he did not perceive the popularity which assuredly awaited "Then you'll remember me," and the other tuneful airs which still charm hearers. The arrival of the composer of *The Lily of Killarney* is described in due course, and also of

Stanzieri, a young composer of immense promise, who was induced by Grisi and Mario to come to London, and made his fortune here by skilful diplomacy. Being presented to a noble patron of musicians, he was engaged to give singing lessons to his lordship, who believed himself to be the happy possessor of an exceptional tenor voice. Stanzieri heard of this delusion, and took pains to foster it. At the first lesson, he asked his noble pupil to try over nothing but tenor music, and skilfully played the accompaniment a third lower than it was written; thereby, of course, facilitating its performance, and enabling the singer to reach the highest notes with comparative ease. His lordship was delighted. He declared Stanzieri to be the only singing-master who really understood his voice, although every professor of the art, in and out of London, had been consulted on the subject. The trick was never, to my knowledge, discovered, and his lordship continued a generous patron of his favourite Maestro up to the time of Stanzieri's premature and much-regretted death.

Singers nowadays, if of the first rank, make far more money

than at any previous period; but large sums were paid more than forty years ago, and an agreement is quoted by which Mr. Beale acquired the services of Mme. Alboni for one month on payment of £1,250., exclusive of travelling and other expenses. The favourite contralto was—if the description be not irreverent—submitted to Mr. Beale by Mr. Delafield, who paid her £4,000. for the Royal Italian Opera season of 1848. Mario's terms are not specified, but some idea may be formed of the sums he earned from the following extract quoted by Mr. Beale from a book compiled by the great tenor's daughter:

About the year 1852 or 1853 he bought the Villa Salvati from Mr. Vansittart, a lovely old palace, near Florence, where we used to spend our winters. I will give a few extracts from my daily journal about it, and also a romance connected with it, for the villa had witnessed many a tragedy and romance in its day. My father spent a large fortune on the dear old place, for he took a pleasure in restoring it to its original beauty, in furnishing it with various *objets d'art* and beautiful massive furniture, carefully collected from many a city and bric-a-brac shop, which were heaped up in the most striking disorder. Articles of value of every imaginable description, from rare old Venetian glass to modern statuettes, from delicate vinsigarettes to meerschaum cigar-tubes of quaint device, were disposed around on every available table or console. Paintings, too, of every degree of value—the originals bought from the artists out of charity, others bearing the names of authors who had never even looked upon their assumed handiwork, but there were also some worth thousands of pounds. I remember one of Raffaello, called "Fortunio," a semi-nude female turning a wheel with her foot, for which he gave £10,000. There was also a portrait of Catherine de Médicis, who had once lived there, and another of the famous Veronica Cybo, notorious for the murder she perpetrated in the Villa Salvati.

Mario went on the stage as a means of livelihood, and if for one of innumerable objects of art to furnish his palace he could give £10,000., the career must have been a profitable one indeed. He ruined himself by what may be called either generosity or extravagance, according to the view adopted; but £10,000. pictures may well mark the road to ruin.

A considerable portion of the two volumes is taken up with reminiscences of Signor Mario and his no less famous wife; and, by the way, it may be here observed that the author is a little premature in his congratulations on the decadence of the foolish custom of giving a foreign prefix to an English name. "It is quite as objectionable," he remarks, "to reverse the fashion and give English prefixes to foreign names—Mr. Verdi is as absurd as Signor Balfe." It is so, and we note with satisfaction that the ridiculous pedantry of some English writers in this respect is not followed. We agree entirely with Mr. Beale that there is no more excuse for "Mr. Mario" than there is for "Signor Sims Reeves." To return to Mario, however, the sympathy evoked by his singing is shown by an anecdote. At a concert in Paris one of his songs was Alary's romance, "Ah! viens au bois"; and it created the usual effect. One young lady listened earnestly to the second verse, "Ah! viens au bois, folle maîtresse!" and, when the repetition of the "Viens au bois" had been sung with passionate fervour, she rose from her place as if unable to resist the melodious invitation, and in a dreamy ecstatic voice exclaimed, "Je viens! je viens!" The admiration excited by a popular tenor at times seems to be far from agreeable, and we are told of the annoyance Mario suffered from the devotion of a certain Miss Giles. Wherever and whenever Mario sang the lady appeared, and, so serious did the nuisance become that, when Grisi and Mario accepted an engagement for America, it was expressly stipulated that it should not be considered a breach of contract if they refused to embark in the same steamer with Miss Giles:

The passenger-list of the *Russia* Cunarder was brought to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, for their inspection the evening before they were to go on board. It did not contain the objectionable name, and the Diva gave a sigh of relief, for at last, she supposed, the strange pursuit was given up. Stormy weather prevailed after the *Russia* had left Queenstown, and all but the most adventurous of the passengers remained below. Mario, ever the first and foremost to enjoy a storm, paced the deck, and took delight, as usual, in braving the elements. While walking to and fro, he stumbled over some tarpaulin, and, vainly trying to regain his balance, fell heavily upon it. A scream was heard, and the tarpaulin being raised, the form of Miss Giles, in a green silk dress, was discovered lying on the deck beneath it. Upon their return from America, when in Dublin, Mario wrote a letter of remonstrance to Miss Giles. We drew up the letter together. Signor Mario presented his compliments to the lady, and in the most gallant and respectful terms begged her to refrain from throwing away her money in the manner he had very reluctantly been compelled to notice. It had come to Mario's knowledge that his servant had been largely bribed to ascertain the towns we were about to visit, and this was a matter which in his opinion could not be overlooked. The letter was acknowledged as formally as it was written. Miss Giles thanked Signor Mario for the interest he evinced in her behalf, but refused to admit his right to dictate to her how she should dispose of her money. Of course the correspondence terminated then and there, and the pursuit was continued more vigorously than ever.

Of Thackeray Mr. Beale does not tell us much, except that, having stipulated to give five lectures for 250 guineas, the novelist drew attention to the circumstance that a cheque tendered him was for 250*l.*, and asked for the difference. Thackeray was quite right, and all that can be said is that, as a business man, Mr. Beale should have known that business is business. The lectures were not successful, but the bargain had been made. The popularity of Dr. Russell's description of the Crimean War was in a great measure due to Douglas Jerrold, who, finding at a private rehearsal that Dr. Russell's delivery was monotonous, jumped on to a supper-table, and amid the *debris* of the feast, recited the description of the Battle of the Alma with thrilling dramatic effect. A series of lessons

on delivery was afterwards given in Jerrold's garden at Kilburn, and the pupil proved himself to be very apt. An interesting piece of information not generally known is that the words of the superb duet for Raoul and Valentine in the *Huguenots* were originally written for Rossini, who intended to use them in *Guillaume Tell*. Mr. Beale quotes a conversation between Rossini and Meyerbeer, in the course of which the former made this statement. It will be seen with how many leaders of the attractive world of art Mr. Beale has been brought into contact. He was to have assisted the late Sir Julius Benedict in writing a biography, and we regret that the design was never carried out; for the pupil of Weber would have had a great deal that was of interest to tell. Sir Julius had a parrot which called him "Benedict" with much familiarity; but our own experience of the bird induces us to fancy that Mr. Beale has credited it with more apposite remarks than it ever actually made; and we suspect that he muddles his anecdote of the horse that was declared by an Irish publican to have "vernacular disease." "Of course the hotelkeeper alluded to vermicular disease—a malady to which horses are liable," Mr. Beale observes. What the man intended to say was probably "navicular."

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXIV.*

SHALL we be serious-minded, and begin with Mr. C. H. Firth's biography of Hampden, or shall we be frivolous enough to give the preference to that of Emma, Lady Hamilton, by Professor J. K. Laughton? The ordinary reader, we may safely predict, will take the second alternative; but, mindful of what is due to the dignity of a reviewer, we will resolutely choose the more severe course. Hampden is one of the ideal figures of English history as seen from the Whig point of view; and Whiggism having gone considerably out of fashion, its ideals now hardly rouse the enthusiasm once bestowed upon them. The Radical politician may by force of habit utter with respect the immortal name of Hampden; but he cannot really fall in love with a patriot of such a gentlemanlike, correct, and decorous type. Mr. Firth himself, biographer as he is, hardly glows over his subject; though this may be not from inability, but because he prefers to cite other men's opinions rather than to give his own. Quotations from so well-known a source as "Macaulay's Essays" might, we think, have been spared without detriment to a valuable article. Among other necessary functions of a hero's biographer, Mr. Firth discharges that of telling us, not only what to believe, but what *not* to believe. The legend about Hampden's frustrated intention of emigrating in company with Cromwell and Hazlerigg in April 1638 is dismissed as without foundation. "It is impossible to suppose that Hampden would have attempted to leave England while the suit about ship-money was still undecided, and the decision of the judges was not given till June 1638." The speech which was printed by Nanson and has been accepted by Forster as having been delivered by Hampden on the 4th January, 1642, "is a palpable forgery." Even contemporary reports of Hampden's military successes do not always bear scrutiny:

The newspapers and pamphlets of the period relate victories gained by him at Aylesbury and elsewhere, which are entirely fictitious. . . . In December [1642] a pamphlet was published containing an account of Hampden's capture of Reading, but, though accepted by Lord Nugent and Mr. Forster, this is simply one of the fictitious victories so frequent during the first years of the war. In the same fashion "Mercurius Aulicus" for 27 Jan. and 29 Jan. 1643 describes Hampden as commanding an attack on the royalist forces at Brill, whereas Hampden's letters prove that he was not present.

Deliberate fiction of a later date has been busy with his last moments—such at least is the opinion which Mr. Firth expresses more than a year ago in the *Academy*, and which he now repeats:—

A detailed narrative of Hampden's last moments and last words, said to have been drawn up at the time by a certain Edward Clough, was contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," in 1815, by an anonymous correspondent . . . This, though accepted as genuine by Hampden's biographers, is an impudent forgery, largely based on hints derived from Clarendon, and containing many words and expressions not in use in the seventeenth century. The last words attributed to Hampden ("O Lord, save my country") are probably copied from the somewhat similar utterance ascribed to the younger Pitt.

As for Amy Lyon, alias Emily or Emma Hart, finally known as Emma, Lady Hamilton, a vast deal of pains has been taken with her by Professor J. K. Laughton. We cannot say that nothing is left for future investigators, because obscurity still hangs over the details of her life between 1778 and 1780. During the interval "she is said on various and doubtful authority" to have figured as "a shop-girl, a lady's maid, a barmaid, and in other capacities. This lacuna notwithstanding, Professor Laughton is able to give us a great deal of not altogether edifying information about her early history. After the perusal, one is surprised to find him indulging in such a piece of gush as that Romney "conceived for her a passion of the best and purest kind." Even the wondrous loveliness of Lady Hamilton's face cannot elevate her into an object for the purest form of passion. It must be acknowledged, however, that this is the only time that the Professor gushes. He gives us Sir Gilbert Elliot's not very flattering description of her in 1796, when, beautiful as her face

was, "her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day," and her manners were those of a barmaid. He reduces to very small dimensions her alleged public services, even in cases where Nelson himself accepted and corroborated her version of facts. He is perhaps even a little severe when he says, with questionable syntax, that "the repeated exhibition of herself fainting in public when Braham sang 'The Death of Nelson,' going apparently to the theatre for the purpose, throws some discredit on the genuineness of her woe." It is the manner of the vulgar—and Lady Hamilton, though not without an element of greatness, was of the vulgar—to express even genuine feeling by ostentatious conventional manifestations. A savage's grief is not the less real because he expresses it by prescribed howlings and streaks of ashes down his nose; nor, to take a less violent case, are the female members of a rustic family in some parts of England necessarily humbugs because, after the death of a relative, they exhibit themselves at church sniffing audibly into large white handkerchiefs.

Of Hamiltons, dukes, marquesses, earls, and others of less high degree there is no lack. Mr. Henderson undertakes several representatives of the name, including the Regent Moray's slayer, the fierce Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, and a kindred spirit, the John Hamilton who became a prominent member of the Catholic League in France, said mass and baptized in his cuirass, and dragged the councillor Jean Tardif from his bed to execution. Anthony Hamilton, author of the *Memoirs of Grammont*; Elizabeth Hamilton, author of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*; James Hamilton, of the "Hamiltonian system"; Patrick Hamilton, the Scottish martyr; Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury; Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, whose biography is by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the mathematician; "Single-Speech" Hamilton—are all names of note. Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Barclay Squire combine to supply an elaborate and interesting biography of one who was an Englishman by adoption only, Georg Friedrich Haendel, better known in this country as Handel. Mr. Stephen contributes the articles upon the historian Hallam and his two sons; and Miss Clerke gives an interesting account of the astronomer Halley. Queen Anne's Minister Harley is treated of by Mr. Russell Barker; and, to go to earlier times, we notice Mr. Reginald L. Poole's article upon Bishop Hallam, one of the English ambassadors at the Council of Constance; and those by Mr. Hunt upon Kings Harthacnut, Harold Harefoot, and Harold son of Godwine. The last is mainly founded upon the account in the *Norman Conquest*, to which "it is impossible to add any facts about Harold's life," though "the opinions expressed or implied" by the present biographer "are not always identical with" those of Mr. Freeman. Mr. Hunt also contributes the biography of Harding, otherwise Saint Stephen, the virtual founder of the Cistercian order. Of the military biographies, one of the most entertaining is that of Hugh, Baron von Halkett, the spirited captor of General Cambronne, whose flourish about the guard "he logically pronounced to be 'damned humbug'." The biographer, Mr. Manners Chichester, adds, "It is probable, however, that the words were actually spoken to the guard." He does not condescend to notice another French legend, according to which Cambronne's real utterance was something much less elegant, and was promptly met with a repartee in similar style. Among minor articles we note Mr. Tedder's account of an author almost unknown in this country, the eighteenth-century French dramatist D'Hélie, in reality Thomas Hales, an Englishman born, who may be classed with Anthony Hamilton as one of the few natives of the British Isles who have attained to complete literary mastery of French. Passing on, our eye lights upon the account of Westley Hall, who played fast and loose between two of John Wesley's sisters, and who, both in his preaching and his practice, became an awful example of what an apparently good young Methodist may come to. Politeness is really carried too far when this wretched being is dignified with the description of "eccentric divine." To conclude with a less unattractive specimen of humanity, we notice the Irish physician, politician, and whist-player, Alexander Henry Haliday, M.D., who, with praiseworthy penitence, left a legacy to his wife, expressly "by way of atonement for the many unmerciful scolds I have thrown away upon her at the whist table."

TYCHO BRAHE.*

APROACHING Copenhagen by sea from the north, an island, soon after passing Elsinore, seems to stretch like a rampart half across the Sound. A nearer view shows it marked by few distinguishing features. At one extremity the solitary church of St. Ebb's stands apart; a few peasants' houses gather into a hamlet lower down; half a dozen alder-trees break the monotony of a glaci-like slope swelling to the modest elevation of one hundred and sixty feet. At this highest point, three centuries ago, stood the "lordly dwelling-place" of a baronial astronomer, who, while holding feudal state in and away over his sea-girt terrestrial domain, renewed the science of the stars, excogitated a system of the world, and constituted himself the first rightful heir to the renown of Hipparchus. But this unique establishment crumbled with singular rapidity. Within a few

* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXIV. Hallie—Harriett. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

* *Tycho Brahe: a Picture of Scientific Life and Work in the Sixteenth Century*. By J. L. E. Dreyer, Ph.D., F.R.A.S. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1890.

years of its desertion by its owner its towers lay level with the dust, the instruments they had sheltered—the most perfect of pre-telescopic times—had been destroyed; willows and water-nets had taken possession of the crypts whence the skies had been long and eagerly scanned; and already in 1654 Gassendi could write with dreary truth, "Jam est campus, ubi Uraniburgum fuit."

Tycho Brahe, the eldest son of a Danish privy councillor named Otto Brahe, was born December 14, 1546, at the family seat of Knudstrup in Scania—a province geographically Swedish, but politically in those days Danish. At the age of one year he was adopted by a childless uncle, George Brahe, through the summary process of abduction; he entered the University of Copenhagen in April 1559; soon began to be curious about horoscopes; and was conquered for the legitimate side of what was then the same department of knowledge by the punctual fulfilment of prediction in the solar eclipse of August 21, 1560. His uncle, however, designed him for a statesman, and two years later sent him to Leipzig to study jurisprudence; but his bent was taken, and on August 15, 1563, with pair of compasses for his sole tool, he made the first recorded of a long series of observations. The death of George Brahe in 1565, as the result of a chill caught in pulling the King out of the Castle-moat at Copenhagen, left Tycho his own master; his other relatives, holding the stars beneath the notice of a gentleman, looked with coldness upon him, and with aversion upon his pursuits; so once more, though not for the last time, quitting his native country, he entered upon his *Wanderjahre*.

In the course of them he studied at Wittenberg, Rostock, and Basle, thus matriculating in all at five universities; forfeited a slice of his nose in a duel fought in the dark at Rostock; and built a gigantic quadrant for Paul Hainzel at Augsburg. The prompt verification of his announcement of the Sultan's impending death gained him applause, tempered with jeers, when it came to be known that Solyman had anticipated the significant eclipse of the moon on October 28, 1566, departing this life a couple of months too soon for the completion of their arrangements by the heavenly bodies. But in the venturesome matter of prognostications there are many misses for one hit. The death of his father, May 9, 1571, rendered Tycho lord of Knudstrup; residence there did not, however, suit him, and he took up his abode instead with his maternal uncle, Steen Bille, at Heridsvad Abbey, in the same neighbourhood. Here he fitted up a chemical laboratory, and worked in it industriously, with such result as might be expected—namely, the concoction of certain invaluable "elixirs," amid (we may be sure) the constantly-evaded pursuit of "that which flies before." Along this course he might have "sailed for evermore" but for a startling event, which recalled before it was too late his wavering allegiance to the stars.

This was the sudden appearance, November 11, 1572, of the famous "new star" in Cassiopeia, of which Tycho, though not the first, was by far the most intelligent and constant observer. He even demeaned himself (struggling to discard the prejudices of his rank) to publish a little book on the subject, largely occupied, indeed, with astrological speculations, yet including an "Elegy to Urania," in which he promised future performances of more moment in her honour—a purpose never again lost sight of. As the fittest locality for its execution, he had, after a tour of inspection abroad, chosen Basle, and was preparing to move his family thither, when his plans were changed by the munificence of Frederick II. Made aware, through the representations of the Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse—himself no mean astronomer—of the value of what he was about to lose, the Danish King fixed upon the island of Hveen (ceded in 1658 to Sweden) as an eligible site for an observatory, and offered it in fee to Tycho for his life, accompanied with a sum of money for building expenses. The proposal was accepted, and on August 8, 1576, "when the sun was rising together with Jupiter near Regulus, while the moon in Aquarius was setting," amid sundry and solemn libations, the foundation-stone of Uraniborg was laid.

"Royal, rich, and wide" the building rose; fanciful with quaint mediæval conceits of structure and decoration; turreted, pinnacled, galleried; embowered in gardens and arbours; the western windows of its gaily-painted "green-room" commanding the whole shipping pageant of the Sound, from which the gilded Pegasus surmounting its topmost spire might be seen to glitter in the sunshine. During twenty-one years Tycho Brahe led there a life after his own heart, observing diligently, enjoying himself, perhaps, boisterously. His instruments were, for that epoch, magnificent, and were used with consummate skill; he was surrounded by disciples, and corresponded with admirers; he entertained with lavish hospitality royal, noble, and learned guests. James VI. of Scotland visited Uraniborg, March 20, 1590, and unexpectedly encountered there a portrait of his whilom tutor, George Buchanan; Queen Sophia of Denmark, gratified with her stay of two days (enforced by a storm) in June 1586, brought her father, mother, cousin, and a large suite in the following August; her son, the young King Christian IV., came to view for himself the curiosities of the place, July 3, 1592; while the granddukes, princes, statesmen, chancellors, and minor nobilities who did likewise would be tedious to enumerate.

The rule at Hveen of the star-gazing potentate was an *imperium in imperio*:—

From the centre all round to the sea
He was lord—

not alone "of the fowl and the brute," but of his own numerous retinue, and of the peasants who tilled the soil, gave their labour *nolens volens* for his constructions, and were clapped into gaol when refractory. A pasha amid fellahs, he inspired, over and above the natural fear incident to his arbitrary authority, something of supernatural awe through the uncanny contrivances in which his exuberant ingenuity found vent. His intimacy with the skies gave him, even in his own esteem, prophetic power; he was skilled in recondite mysteries of leechcraft, and distributed remedies gratis to crowds of applicants; his very fool, a dwarf called Jep, was credited with the possession of second-sight. His proceedings were self-centred to a degree difficult to realize in our days of divided labour. To say nothing of his title rôle as astronomer, he played the parts of magistrate, mechanician, rag-dealer, papermaker, printer, and publisher; his own Latin epigrams embellished his apartments; the island was studded with his mills, fishponds, and game-preserves. English mastiffs were among the favoured inmates of the castle, which held besides a quack doctor who lived to the age of 124; and the menagerie was to have been completed by the importation of a tame elk from Scania, had not the animal, through observance of a custom "more honoured" (according to an eminent opinion) "in the breach," lost its life in consequence of a tumble downstairs at Landskrona Castle when in a state of intoxication.

At last, however, the collapse of the establishment at Hveen, long within view, actually arrived. It had only been maintained by the "indefatigable generosity" (to use Dr. Dreyer's phrase) of Frederick II. After Frederick's death in 1588, Tycho's position became precarious. He had taken little care to comply with the conditions of the various grants made to him; royal admonitions to do so met with tardy obedience; a discreditable quarrel with one of his tenants gave the enemies raised up by his haughty bearing a handle against him; another was found in some minute deviation of his chaplain, in a Calvinistic sense, from the Lutheran ritual; and so it came about that, his pension being withdrawn, and his Norwegian fief alienated, he quitted Hveen in disgust in April 1597, and, after various negotiations, finally replaced the lost favour of Christian IV. by the imperial patronage of the enthusiastic if impecunious Rudolph II.

But before he had settled to his observations at Prague, he was seized with illness, and died October 24, 1601, at the age of fifty-four. Like the refrain of a song, through the delirium of the last night, the words continually hung upon his lips, "Ne frustra vixisse videar." He certainly had not lived in vain, since Kepler was the architect of the edifice for which he had accumulated the materials. But for an account of his scientific achievements we must refer our readers to Dr. Dreyer's authoritative pages. From them we have culled the foregoing particulars, and they may, indeed, fairly be said to exhaust the subject of which they treat. The author has neglected no source of information; he writes of his hero with admirable impartiality; and consults the needs of his more studious readers by providing an excellent index, and a very full list of bibliographical references. The book is set off besides with some particularly interesting illustrations; and the result of much pains-taking and accurate research has been the production of a biography, not specially attractive, it is true, in a purely literary sense, but of permanent value from the ample means it affords for the distinct realization of the character, surroundings, and individual place in the history of astronomy of one of the greatest observers the world has seen.

THE TREASURE BUSINESS.*

TREASURE-HUNTING is a capital subject for a story. But it is quite time that the writing of stories about treasure-hunting was left to the very few men who can do it. Of this genus of romance there are two species. The former and older is the tale of a hoard concealed by a pirate on an island of remote seas. Edgar Poe is the father of this species of story; his *Gold Bug* is the parent of the only other good narrative in this kind, *Treasure Island*. The second species deals with the stored wealth of ancient civilizations, and with life among races more or less civilized in hidden nooks of the world. In our day *King Solomon's Mines* originated, or revived, this kind of legend, and some parts of the vein were worked in *She* and *Allan Quatermain*. Of course the *imitatores*, *seruum pecus*, have rushed in and marked out claims adjacent to Mr. Haggard's. There have, to be sure, been recent tales of ruined civilizations which did not derive from *King Solomon's Mines*. Mr. Frederick Boyle's very admirable sketch, *A Fetish City*, was earlier, we believe, than the journey of Mr. Quatermain. Mr. Kipling's remarkable tale of the two English adventurers in Kafiristan was much too brilliantly original to have been suggested by any new work. Mr. Murray's *Gobi and Shamo*—where the Greeks carried off from Eretrea by the Great King are found somewhere north of Thibet—was begun, we understand, before *She* was published. Some one has also written a story of adventures among surviving descendants of the Incas; and probably there are a good many other fictions of this kind which have escaped our notice or have lapsed from our memory. We are not doing anything so silly and so stale as to talk of plagiarism.

* *The Aztec Treasure-House*. By Thomas Janvier. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Everybody has a right to hunt for treasure and for mysterious civilizations in any part of the world he pleases. Everybody is welcome who brings back the treasure of fresh and lively "copy" from these remote recesses. But the world even of boyish readers must inevitably be bored by the constant repetition of adventures which are apparently the work of unconscious memory, not of imagination or invention. This will be acknowledged by students who take the trouble to analyse Mr. Janvier's tale, *The Aztec Treasure-House*.

We repeat that we are not accusing Mr. Janvier of literary piracy. In many ways his book is highly respectable. It is very well written; it shows some acquaintance with Aztec archeology, though we own that we are not learned enough in the attempts at deciphering Aztec MSS. to say how far Mr. Janvier's archaeology is fresh and accurate. The story contains three fresh and well-conceived characters—*El Sabio*, "The Wise One," the donkey; his master, Pablo, the native boy, and Fray Antonio, the Franciscan missionary. But when we have said this, and added that boys who are not too fastidious will probably enjoy *The Aztec Treasure-House*, we have given all the praise to that work which we can honestly bestow. The worst of it is that boys have such good memories. One of them, on being presented with *Dead Man's Rock*, exclaimed, "Why this scene is out of *Great Expectations*, and that is from *The Rajah's Diamonds*," and so on he went. That kind of boy will be very hard on *The Aztec Treasure-House*. He will read in it such a sentence as this:—"The tall young chief and Rayburn were just finishing the last round of what probably was as fine a fight as ever was fought. They were well matched in size and in weight, and if the Indian was any stronger than Rayburn, I can only say that he must have been a most wonderfully strong man." "Why," the ingenuous lad will exclaim, "the voice is the voice of Allan Quatermain; it is Twala and Sir Henry over again, but not half so good." In the same way, when the American adventurers in this new tale take part in a civil war in the Aztec state, wearing the native armour, and fighting with the native weapons, the least sophisticated will remark that this is the old story of Kukuanaland, placed in a different scene:—"For three American citizens, belonging to the nineteenth century, we certainly presented a strange appearance. . . . Each of us carried half a dozen darts, and strapped around our waists, outside our cotton-cloth armour, we each wore a maceahuitl, the heavy sword with a jagged double edge," and so forth. *Que veux-tu avec moi, pastiche?* As Delatouche said to George Sand with less provocation. In brief, the whole affair is *crambe repetita*. In place of an African hunter we have an American archeologist. For a comic character we have Young, a railway official. For Sir Harry we have Rayburn, an engineer. For the Portuguese chart we have an old letter of a Franciscan missionary, backed by a gold token, and part of an Aztec map and Migration legend in picture-writing, taken from a dead cacique. The next treasure-story must really do without a chart. We have had Poe's cipher, and the chart of Billy Bones, and the Portuguese Don's production, and the potsherd of Amenartas, and a plan branded on the back of a coloured gentleman, and Mr. Murray's Greek manuscript, and we resent the Franciscan's letter and the token of the cacique. In place of Solomon's Mines and Kukuan—go on—we have a colony planted at the back of beyond by an old Aztec king. For the deadly thirst of Quatermain and Co. early in their march, we have the deadly thirst of Rayburn and Co. early in theirs. For the stalactite Kukuan kings in the cave, we have here the cave full of Aztec mummies. For the Silent Ones, we have the colossal statues of Chac-mool, a god, we think, of M. Le Plongeon's naming. For the way out of the diamond treasure-cave we have three or four ways out of three or four other caves and prisons, always discovered by the inquiring Young. For the jumping-off place in *She*, we have the jump by aid of a swinging chain across the narrow canon in *The Aztec Treasure-House*. In place of the lunar (late solar) eclipse in *King Solomon's Mines*, we have a bolt from heaven called down by Fray Antonio. We have the usual city in a lake like Zu Vendis; we have the internal revolution in the city; we have, as was said, the modern Americans in ancient Aztec armour, like Sir Harry and his friends in the suits of chain mail. We have the usual surprise at firearms, and the excitement over the lighting of a match, and the withered-up old Priest-Captain in place of the withered-up Gagool. A novelty is the use of hardened and tempered gold, which is employed instead of steel or bronze.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that in *The Aztec Treasure-House* we are among persons and events which are perfectly familiar. Perhaps in consequence of knowing almost all about it before, we are not much thrilled, nor surprised, nor excited, as a rule. It is not every one who can bend the long bow of Allan Quatermain. Perhaps authors who cannot bend that redoubtable weapon had better leave it alone, and among those authors is Mr. Janvier.

The new character in all this is Fray Antonio, whose heart is set on the crown of martyrdom, and who is, in short, an excellent study of the missionary character at its best, with all its gentle courage, and with none of its fanaticism. The boy with the donkey, and that sagacious animal itself, are also excellent. The railway metaphors of Young are amusing, and occasionally there is humour in the archeologist who starts the expedition. These persons, and certain traits in the narrative, suggest that Mr. Janvier could do something much better, and need not hunt a trail which has

so lately been travelled, whether he knows it or not, by an able explorer. It is perfectly possible that Mr. Janvier never glanced at *King Solomon's Mines* or at *She*; the chances of mythical coincidence, of different minds writing on similar ideas, are practically infinite. It may be merely by Mr. Janvier's bad luck that he has produced a story so extremely close to other modern stories. In that case the luck is very bad, and Mr. Janvier has not redeemed it by the power of making impossibilities, vast impossibilities, appear true and real for the moment. To write a good fiction about Aztec matters is extremely hard. Nobody can possibly hope to excel the romance of reality in this case—the story of Cortes as told by Prescott from contemporary documents. Anybody, especially any boy, who likes a romance of adventure has only to study *The Conquest of Mexico*; or, if he has read it before, to read it again. It has even the interest of a love story—an element which Mr. Janvier has judiciously omitted. He has taken pains; he has worked at the *realien* of his theme; he writes well, but his legend has the fatal defect of recalling other modern legends of infinitely more vigour and infinitely more *vraisemblance*. Several of the illustrations are good in themselves, but the "process" work of reproduction is generally coarse and feeble.

A JOURNALIST'S JOTTINGS.*

THE modest title of *A Journalist's Jottings* deprecates and disarms criticism as to the miscellaneous contents of these volumes. Many of the articles are so slight and so ephemeral in their interest as to have been scarcely worth reprinting. But all are written with a sprightliness or smartness which makes them distinctly readable. Mr. Kingston, in connexion with the *Daily Telegraph*, has seen foreign service, in war and peace, in most European countries. We chance to have met him in Continental capitals, making himself very much at home, with the ease of a cosmopolitan man of the world, and with a good-humoured aggressiveness which may have been invaluable in forcing the *consignes* of diplomatic ante-chambers, and persuading stiff-necked chiefs of the staff to give him more or less of aid and comfort. That he was a *persona grata* at various foreign courts is to be presumed from the number and variety of the honours and decorations he is entitled to append to his name. Consequently, perhaps, as he might himself observe, "it goes without saying" that his style has more of the slap-dash than of the classical, and has been formed on the principles and practice of the *Telegraph*. His humour frequently takes the form of the very literal translation of foreign phrases and idioms; and when using and abusing such objectionable epithets as "succulent" and "toothsome" we suspect he has been sitting, metaphorically, at the feet of his *confrère*, Mr. Sala, and modelling himself on that versatile master's mannerisms. Nevertheless, when we skip and pick and choose, we find much in the volumes that is capital reading. There are two subjects in particular which are continually recurring, and which make the volumes specially attractive to us. Mr. Kingston has travelled much in London as well as on the Continent, and has not only studied its topography in unfashionable thoroughfares and unfamiliar rookeries and blind alleys, but he has closely observed the customs of the inhabitants from West Kensington to Bethnal Green and Rotherhithe. And recognizing that eating and drinking play the most important part in human existence, offering the pleasures which every nation can appreciate, he has much to say about good cheer, and characteristic dishes and beverages all the world over. For example, he breaks ground with an article on beer, and it awakens many agreeable associations. When he is eloquent on the strength and invigorating qualities of the ale and stout brewed by Barclays, and Truman & Hanbury, and at Burton-on-Trent, we fondly remember tankards drained in snug rural hostgeries after long rambling walks through romantic scenery, and in famous City houses in the good old days before "Joe's," and "Ned's," and "Reuben's" had given place to the modern restaurant. Again, we are transported to Bavaria, with its full-flavoured and somewhat heady beer, the density of which is disguised by the earthenware drinking-cups; and to Vienna, where, in the "Archduke Charles" and other establishments of the highest fashion, the amber-coloured fluid used to be more in favour than champagne, with the advantage of being infinitesimally cheap. We recall the "beer-cellars" of Berlin with their frescoed ceilings, where the brushes of illustrious Prussian artists had glorified Gambrinus, the gods of Valhalla with their bottomless horns, and the heroes of history who are said to have owed every defeat to being surprised by their enemies when heavy with liquor. But the Germans have always been a jovial race, and our author tells us of the drinking feats of modern champions, who show a phenomenal capacity for quenching an immoderate thirst, and who train for matches and miraculous performances by swallowing some thirty mugsfuls of a night.

Perhaps it is rather putting the horse after the cart to pass on to "eels and shellfish," which are notoriously provocative of thirst. Talking of the profusion of eels in England, he might have been more historical. He makes no allusion to the enormous consumption of them by the monks and clergy of the middle ages in the swampy Eastern Counties; when paid in tithes and brought in by

* *A Journalist's Jottings*. By W. Beatty-Kingston, Author of "Music and Manners" &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

tenants they were standing dishes in the refectories of Ely and Peterborough. Nor does he allude to the immense takes in these counties in our own time, which have been graphically described by Mr. Davis in his delightful volume on the Norfolk Broads. It is all very well to rave about the beauties of the Thames; and, indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate them. But the eels, to our mind, are one of the chief charms of the romantic river. After a cool header in the stream in the early summer morning, they are unrivalled for breakfast, whether fried or spatch-cocked; and how often at Maidenhead, Windsor, or Henley have we had them stewed in claret sauce for dinner! It is absurd to say that the eel is indigestible; like the pichard, the shark, or the whale, everything is in the method of treating him. Mr. Kingston remarks on the partiality of the lower orders for cheap periwinkles. We fear the days are gone by when, as old Mr. Weller remarked, a poor man, made desperate by his troubles, used to rush into the street and solace himself with oysters. But the costermonger who vends cockles or periwinkles is always sure of customers. At Ramsgate or Margate nothing pleases us so much as to see the holiday-makers crowding round the stalls where saucerfuls of these delicacies are sold for a penny, with the vinegar and the pin for extracting them thrown in. Though the mussels are now and then used as a sauce or a dressing, as in *fillets de soles à la Cléopâtre*, they are shamefully and foolishly neglected in what Mr. Jeames styles the English "upper sucking." In France they know better; and Mr. Kingston describes many of the dishes that are always on the *menu* of the *restaurants* of highest reputation. We know nothing better in their way than the *moules à la poulette*—Mr. Kingston facetiously translates it as "mussels at the little hen"—though the *plat* is somewhat *bourgeois*, and is said besides to have a certain flavour of licentiousness, being universally popular with the light ladies who eat heavy suppers at unholy hours. The question of supper crops up, by the way, when Mr. Kingston goes on to comment on "Christmas customs." He dashes off vivid sketches of the German festivities, when Santa Claus comes down the chimneys, laden with gifts, and when the suburban woods are weeded of suitable stems to supply the cities with Christmas-trees of all sizes. He tells how "Christmas Eve" was invariably kept in the old Emperor's palace, "Unter den Linden," when each officer of the household, from the highest to the lowest, not only received an appropriate present, but swallowed, or pretended to swallow, his ration of the abominable and indigestible "pepper-cake." Even the French, who in general take good care of their digestions, break out, as by one consent, before the beginning of a new year, and gulping down deleterious and diabolical mixtures, like the rack punch which upset Jos Sedley at Vauxhall, see in the new year with splitting headaches and tremendous internal convulsions. Then there are the sweets in which the dignified Moslems indulge, at Constantinople and other Eastern cities, like so many grown-up children. The worst is that they not only enjoy them themselves, in season and out of season, but insist on pressing them on their honoured guests. *A propos* of sweets, we do not think Mr. Kingston alludes to the specialties that are sold at certain railway stations. Thus, there are the cakes of Banbury and the spiced gingerbread of Preston; and the *nougat* is as much the staple at Valence as cheap champagne at Epernay, or cheaper cutlery at Châtelherault. Travelling with children in the day-time, the *corvée* of the *nougat* buying is all very well, though it may result in calling in a doctor at Marseilles. But it does seem rather strong to wake up a dyspeptic bachelor in the small hours, and to insist upon his breaking his fast on a white-ribbed packet of stickiness.

Mr. Kingston sympathetically imagines the sufferings of the foreigner who finds himself alone in the wilderness of London on a wet Sunday in the winter. There is nothing for it but to sit in his lodgings or hotel and pass the time between bad feeding and depressing meditations. By way of contrast he tells us about the various Continental capitals. The churches are open in the morning for those who choose to attend. But afterwards the picture and the sculpture galleries are open also; and the parks and public places are enlivened with melody, while there are chairs and coffee and ices and beer for all comers. In London or Liverpool the labourer too often passes the day of rest leaning up against a post, as Dickens has depicted him, with a short black pipe between his teeth, or bending over the zinc-plated counter of a gin-palace. In Vienna, for example, on the other hand, he can take the missus and the "kids" to the Prater, where any amount of cheap refreshment is provided; or he can go wandering among the fragrant fir-woods of Baden or Laxenburg; or he can seat himself after an easy stroll in the Volksgarten and listen to the strains which perpetuate the traditions of Strauss and Lanner. Yet London, Mr. Kingston points out, is really better off for recreation-grounds than any other great capital in the world, for they are distributed at reasonable intervals all over its vast extent. Though even now it is but indifferently provided with drinking fountains, and it was only the other day that the philanthropical Lord Meath, going on the principle that sitting is as cheap as standing, presented the weary wayfarer with some benches, which are inestimable blessings to the houseless at night. Not that the march of intelligent progress has been only in favour of the poor and destitute. Mr. Kingston reminds us how tobacco used to be tabooed in good or decent society. The smoker, like the dram-drinker or the opium-eater, indulged his predilections by stealth. He had to bribe and suborn the servants of the railway Companies; if seen with a cigar in

his mouth, he was cut by respectable friends in the street; subsequently, after long agitation and much petitioning, he was sent on sufferance up to the attics of the clubs. Now the smokers have it all their own way, and we are rather inclined to compassionate the venerable Conservatives to whom the slightest scent of tobacco is an abomination. In the dining-rooms and halls of great clubs we have so many cigar-divans, and in houses of the most irreproachable fashion the liquors go out with the ladies and the cigarettes come in. Finally, Mr. Kingston closes his volumes with a moan over the decadence of the foreign correspondent, and it is a subject on which he speaks with authority. Formerly it was indispensable that the correspondent should have picturesque literary powers; now that the telegraph has cut the ground from under his feet it almost suffices that he should be a pushing interviewer, with the hide of a hippopotamus, though of course it is all the better that he should have the clothes and manners of a gentleman. And Mr. Kingston mentions some illustrious correspondents of the older school, most of whom are personally known to us. On some minor matters regarding them he is mistaken. He is wrong in saying that General Eber, the Viennese Correspondent of the *Times*, formed his first connexion with that journal during Garibaldi's southern campaigns. We have heard from the General himself that he was partly moved to take a lead in the expedition of the "three hundred" by the idea that he might be useful to "his friends in Printing House Square." And Mr. Kingston is well within the mark in the praise he bestows on the rare philological acquirements of Dr. Abel of Berlin, who first wrote for the *Times* and then for the *Standard*. We have seen Dr. Abel's floor literally bestrewed with journals in every speech and dialect that is spoken between the Baltic and the Bosphorus, and he consulted all in turn for purposes of quotation or reference as easily as an Englishman might have recourse to the files of the *Times* or the *Telegraph*.

TWO BOOKS ON NELSON.*

SAINTE-BEUVE once declared, in a moment of irritation, that he had had enough of the literature of the seventeenth century. He then went on to explain in what sense this angry assertion was to be understood. He loved the literature, and greatly respected scholarly work on it; but he rebelled when the wreckage of the century was forced on him with much parade by editors of insufficient knowledge. For our part, we are beginning to have more than enough of books about Nelson. His own letters and despatches are as good to read as ever, and a Life of him which should be literature would be welcome. But, instead of this last, we have had a series of pieces of bookmaking mostly done with paste and scissors. Selections from his despatches, fluent popular accounts, and a whole sheaf of volumes about the divine Emma, her cherry lips and rapid lies, her arch glances and robust appetite, her shape and her overgrown pretensions, have been literally tumbled out of the press. Now here are yet two more—a volume of paste-and-scissors work pure and simple from Mr. Clark Russell, and another of paste and scissors, with a difference, from Mr. G. Lathom Browne.

Of the two we slightly prefer Mr. Clark Russell's. We think it a piece of bookmaking unworthy of the author of *The Frozen Pirate* to make a volume out of the extracts he collected for his Nelson in the "Heroes of the Nations" series; but such as the book is it is harmless enough. The preface, however, has an unpleasant touch of offence in an instance of Mr. Russell's unlucky trick of sneering at other men. He must needs go out of his way to gird at "the deeply-admiring Sir Harris Nicolas" for publishing all Nelson's correspondence. The result is that "the eye reading through page after page of dull, formal official communications grows exhausted in the search for something good." Sir Harris Nicolas, who was a scholar, intended to collect and arrange all the evidence, not to pick out the plums for lazy readers, which is Mr. Clark Russell's avowed intention. He knew that much which looks dull or formal may be important evidence, and credited his reader with power to choose. Does Mr. Russell really suppose that any one who wishes to understand the life of Nelson will take his selection on trust? We certainly should not, if only because half a page further on he again goes out of his way to make a most superfluous blunder. "It may interest," he says, "but cannot satisfy, living and future generations, to learn that Rodney cut the enemy's line in one place and Nelson in two." Perhaps; but it will certainly edify this living generation as to Mr. Clark Russell's accuracy to be told that in the only battle in which he cut the enemy's line at all, Rodney did cut it in two places. Possibly it does not matter, but then why write about it? Condescension and blunders make an exasperating mixture.

To Mr. Lathom Browne we have to say much what we have said to Mr. Clark Russell. He calls his book a Life of Nelson as told "by himself, his comrades, and his friends." The list of authorities is a little curious, for it seems to imply that Nelson's comrades were not his friends; but let that pass. Our complaint is that this volume, like *Nelson's Words and Deeds*, is an in-

* *Nelson: Public and Private Life of Horatio Viscount Nelson, as told by Himself, his Comrades, and his Friends.* By G. Lathom Browne, Author of "Wellington" &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Nelson's Words and Deeds: A Selection from the Despatches and Correspondence of Horatio Nelson. Edited by W. Clark Russell. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

complete collection of evidence—than which nothing in this world is more unsatisfactory. Whoever looks to Mr. Lathom Browne for an account of Nelson must take his word for it that the selection here made is fair. If he will not be content to do so, he must survey the evidence for himself; but then he can do that without Mr. Browne's help. It may be said that we are in some such difficulty with every biographer; but an author who makes a book out of the evidence does at least endeavour to give a work of art. Mr. Browne is not even content to make extracts from the letters and reports of witnesses. He quotes from other biographers. To take one example, the attack on Santa Cruz is described in a long quotation from Southeby. Mr. Browne might have gone to a worse authority, certainly; but, after all, if we are to be referred to Southeby, we need not read Mr. Browne. This is the merest paste and scissors. It is quite consistent with this that Mr. Browne has a way of shielding himself behind other people when he is actually driven to give an opinion on a disputed point. Thus on that wretched Emma Hamilton business we are told that "Professor Laughton says, with great truth, 'Those speak most positively who have least examined it.'" At the end of the chapter he "takes the liberty" to quote a long passage from Mr. Jeaffreson. Are Professor Laughton and Mr. Jeaffreson either "friends or comrades" of Nelson's? We conceive not. They are gentlemen who have written about him, and have come to certain conclusions, which, whatever else they may be, are not evidence. If we want to know what they think we can go to their work. It is intolerable to have them thrown at our head in a volume which professes to give us Nelson's life, as told by "himself, his comrades, and his friends." Admiral Jurien de la Gravière is freely quoted; but he also is opinion, and not evidence. His opinion is, indeed, to be listened to with respect; but he is not Nelson, nor his comrade, nor his friend. We have given, we think, sufficient reasons for not dealing with Mr. Lathom Browne's *Nelson* at length.

THE MARQUESS CORNWALLIS.*

LORD CORNWALLIS has been very properly included in the list of those "Rulers of India" whose biographies are calculated to illustrate the past growth and present development of the English administration in that country. His name is connected with several great measures, which more, perhaps, than any others have given a special colour to our rule, have influenced the course of subsequent legislation, and have made the Civil Service what it at present is. He completed the administrative fabric of which Warren Hastings, in the midst of unexampled difficulties and vicissitudes, had laid the foundation. The original conception of government in the East—corrupt native officials supervised by equally dishonest Europeans—had given place under Warren Hastings to a sincere attempt to introduce an efficient English organization. But Hastings's efforts in this direction had been interrupted by tremendous external dangers, and the unrelenting antagonism of his colleagues. Domestic reforms were necessarily fragmentary when they were effected in the intervals of struggles in which the very existence of the English rule was at stake. Lord Cornwallis, though he was twice compelled to take the field against Tippoo Sultan in Mysore, found, on the whole, a far more peaceful and more promising field for administrative experiments. The Government at home was sympathetic and friendly; the ferocious hostility of Philip Francis had given place to the loyal co-operation of colleagues as loyal and helpful as Mr. Shore. Cornwallis's first great operation was with the collection of the land revenue. When in 1786 he became Governor-General the English had been for twenty years the official custodians of this important impost. But twenty years served only to demonstrate the complexity of the subject, and the extreme difficulty of forming any correct idea of the conflicting rights and interests which existed between the Government, as head landlord, the Zemindars, as recognized intermediaries, and the actual occupants of the soil. Corruption and mismanagement were universal; native subordinates had come to the aid of puzzled European officials, whose attempts to master the subject had resulted in an ever-intensifying mystification. Some heroic servants of the Company plunged courageously into the chaos, and produced dissertations which are the admiration and terror of a later and less industrious generation. One of Lord Teignmouth's many minutes on the subject extends, Mr. Seton-Karr informs us, to 562 paragraphs, and covers nearly 90 pages of close print. The result of this practical experience and this copious minuting convinced Lord Cornwallis that the only way to deal with such a Gordian knot was to cut it effectually; and that the best course to adopt with regard to the intricacies and obscurities of land revenue in Bengal was to create a class of landlords who should take all the responsibility and anxiety of collection off the hands of the Government, pay a definite sum for their rights, and, subject to various restrictions enacted on the occupier's behalf, enjoy the benefit of any future increment arising from extension of area or enhancement in the value of agricultural produce. Lord Cornwallis was warned by his ablest coadjutor, the future Lord Teignmouth, that matters were not ripe for so final a measure, and that ampler knowledge would probably suggest desirable modifications of the scheme. The warning was neglected. Lord Cornwallis, despair-

ing of any more complete mastery of the subject, refused to postpone the settlement of an interminable controversy, and the first chapter of his new Code of Regulations declared the Zemindars of Bengal—a term which comprehended alike territorial magnates and petty land agents—to be entitled, so long as the British Raj should last, to enjoy their possessions on payment of a yearly sum then definitely fixed. The disastrous effects of this ill-judged arrangement alike to the Government and to the occupier of the soil—the tangled growth of intermediate tenures which has sprung into existence, and the financial straits to which the Government has been reduced in consequence of the only taxable commodity in the richest province of India being, to a large extent, exempt from taxation, have long been matters of history, and are lucidly summarized in Mr. Seton-Karr's little treatise. It is in vain to contend, he considers, that Lord Cornwallis's action was not taken prematurely, with partial knowledge and insufficient experience. The best excuse is that the difficulties which confronted the Government were very serious; that a great portion of Bengal was lying waste or covered by forest without any reasonable prospect of reclamation; and that the Government, if, on the one hand, it has been a heavy pecuniary sufferer, has, on the other, reaped the advantage of a powerful class of landowners, whose interests are identical with its own. At the time of the Mutiny, the author points out, there was a marked contrast between Lower Bengal where the Permanent Settlement was in force, and the Upper Provinces where the land revenue was periodically revised, and the old village community had been recognized. In the Upper Provinces the outbreak of the Sepoys was followed by a popular movement so general that the British rule seemed, for the time, to have disappeared. In Lower Bengal, though there were several instances of military outbreak, the mutineers met with no countenance from the general population, and "literally melted away before the impulsive demeanour, the want of sympathy, and the silent loyalty of the Zemindars."

But the establishment of a workable revenue system was but a portion of Cornwallis's task. It was necessary to supplement it by a Civil Service at once well disciplined, efficient, and clean-handed. The English establishment left much to be desired in each of these respects. The Company's officers were wretchedly paid, and were accustomed to supplement their incomes by methods more or less irregular. Cornwallis saw that the only remedy for such abuses was to give a liberal salary, to prohibit trading, and prescribe an exact and rigid rule of discipline. From his reforms dates the traditional purity of the Civil Service in India, a purity which, despite many strong temptations in an opposite direction, has, with but few exceptions, been honourably maintained.

With a view to this result Cornwallis effected a complete separation of judicial from executive functions, and submitted every official act to the scrutiny and arbitrament of regularly constituted civil tribunals. Cornwallis's last, and perhaps most important, contribution to Indian administration was a systematized code of regulations, which, though in many respects obscure, crude, and incomplete, was a necessary prelude to the more lucid and exact codes which are so creditable a characteristic of modern Anglo-Indian administration.

Mr. Seton-Karr's account of the land laws of Bengal and of Lord Cornwallis's reforms is, as might be expected from so distinguished a servant of the Indian Government, conscientious, interesting and thoughtful. It is a tradition of the service that the Foreign Secretary should be an accomplished scholar and should wield a polished pen. Mr. Seton-Karr well maintains the prestige of a distinguished post. The conditions of his task forbade him to travel into the more generally interesting portions of Cornwallis's career, his command in America and his Vice-royalty in Ireland. But, restricted as is his sphere, Mr. Seton-Karr has brought much wide reading and general knowledge to enliven a subject so beset with technicalities as to run serious risk of discouraging and repelling the general reader. He gives us a valuable insight into Lord Cornwallis's character and intellect when he escaped from the murky atmosphere of Bengal tenures to larger and more congenial themes. A private and confidential letter to Dundas in 1790 on general questions of administration shows a wide range and vigorous and statesmanlike grasp of the subject. On another occasion he warns the Directors of the dangers of our military position, in language which read in the light of subsequent events, has almost a prophetic tone. He died in harness. In 1805 the Ministry were becoming alarmed at the too splendid realization of Wellesley's ambitious programme, and Cornwallis, now in his sixty-seventh year, was selected by Pitt and Castlereagh to carry out a cheaper and less pretentious policy. He lived just long enough to make a disastrous concession to the ambition of the Mahratta princes, and to inaugurate a system of concession and self-effacement which, by almost unanimous consent of statesmen, soldiers, and historians, has been condemned as seriously lowering the prestige and influence of the Government, and as endeavouring to ignore duties and responsibilities which it was in vain for the English in India to decline. The ultimate verdict of history, while it approves the uprightness and conscientious devotion to public duty which characterized Cornwallis's career, will refuse him a place among the great Englishmen who have stamped their own personality on the page of Indian history—the Clives, the Wellesleys, the Dalhousies—the men of genius who at critical periods and in great emergencies have represented the power and resources of

* *Rulers of India—The Marquess Cornwallis.* By W. S. Seton-Karr, Esq. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

their country in the East. Despite some blunders, the results of which are a chronic embarrassment to the present rulers of India, Cornwallis may fairly be credited with the successful development of the administrative organization which Warren Hastings had left at a rudimentary stage, with the vigorous prosecution of the purifying process which has placed the Indian Civil Service on a distinguished eminence of official probity, and with the first systematic attempt to confer on the many millions of Indian subjects the inestimable boon of honest courts and an intelligible code.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Novello & Co. some excellent new compositions by W. H. Speer in "An Album of Six Songs." The first of them is a very good tenor song; No. 2 is a fairly pretty soprano air; No. 3 an excellent duet for tenor and baritone; and No. 4 a contralto song which is not quite up to the rest of its fellows. Nos. 5 and 6 are respectively baritone and soprano arias, which are marred by a tendency to introduce new phrases with abrupt modulations the reverse of pleasant. Very well harmonized, even if not particularly original, is a part song called "Silène," by Mr. John Henry.

Messrs. C. Woolhouse & Co. send us three pieces for cello and pianoforte, by Mr. W. Noel Johnson, and two four-part songs by Dr. W. Spark. None of these are either interesting or novel.

We look forward for the Rev. Baring Gould's promised *History of Songs of the West*, of which we have just received Part III. from Messrs. Methuen & Co., which does not contain any one song of great beauty, and is inferior to Parts I. and II., although they are of course curious and valuable as records of the music of bygone times.

The striking and essentially "taking" melody of "Sleeping-tide," a new song by Mr. Lawrence Kellie (Metzler & Co.), is likely to become popular. It is much the best of this popular artist and composer's works. An arrangement of Mr. Kellie's well-known song "Douglas Gordon" as a waltz is a not very satisfactory performance by Signor Bucalossi. An "Air de ballet" by Benjamin Goddard is a graceful piece for the piano; not good enough for the concert-room, but sufficiently showy for the drawing-room. "On, Stanley, on," by Walter Haughton, is a patriotic song, probably inspired by a perusal of *In Darkest Africa*, and is feeble imitation of a long line of similar songs, of which "The Death of Nelson" was the original. A delightful old French air, "Le Portrait," has been carefully arranged by A. L. with English and French words. This is a gem worth preserving, being a quite perfect specimen of an eighteenth-century ballad or Chansonnette. "Far, far away," "The Brook," "The Cradle Song," and "The Throstle," are four by no means original songs by Alfred Cellier, of which the most deserving of praise is "The Cradle Song," with its pretty flowing accompaniment. A patriotic song with a stirring chorus is "Britain's Defence," by Mr. J. M. Coward. It is likely to be popular at political meetings and in music-halls. An album, appropriately called "Metzler's Red Album," contains eight well-known sacred songs by Mendelssohn, Handel, and Haydn. The type is clear, and it can be cordially recommended. *The American Organ Journal* can also be heartily endorsed. It is well printed, and the selection of sacred pieces it contains well made and arranged as voluntaries.

From Messrs. E. Aschenberg & Co. we have "Flowers of the Past," by Signor Denza, whose vein of originality seems on the decline, or else it needs awakening sadly, for this song does not contain a new phrase or idea. No praise can be bestowed upon "Union Jack," by J. M. Capel. It is a very poor affair indeed. "Mine Again," by F. L. Moir, is not worth much more than the song just mentioned. "Six Songs," by M. Emil Kreuz, with words selected from Burns, are clearly imitations of Mendelssohn's songs, with occasional snatches of old Scottish melodies introduced here and there with poor effect. Although above the average English ballads of the day, these songs are not of any particular merit.

Signor Paolo Tosti's "Back to the Old Love" (Ricordi & Co.) is in his usual sentimental style, but only an imitation of his former and much more remarkable compositions. "Love Light," by J. Hutchinson, is a commonplace song with a catchy waltz refrain.

The entr'acte music from *Zuleika*, a comic opera in three acts, by H. J. Wood (Joseph Williams), is a pretentious and really ugly piece, with modulations which are quite frightful. We know not if *Zuleika* has ever been published in complete form; if so, we are curious to see the rest of so astonishing a composition. The music to this entr'acte is remarkable in more senses than one. It is quite impossible to be musically duller.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THREE is plenty of material for the storyteller who would deal effectively with the romance of a painter's life, apart from what is provided in the generous pages of Vasari, where a few hints of gossip or a single anecdote might suffice for constructive legend in skilful hands. Andrea del Sarto, Raffaele,

Titian, Van Dyck, are a few names that are rich in suggestion to the romantic writer. Among the old Italian masters, the career of Filippo Lippi, however, as set forth in the fragmentary testimony of tradition and chroniclers, is an exceptionally promising subject, and with considerable sympathy is the story of the brilliant and audacious painter re-told and embellished in *Fra Filippo Lippi: a Romance*, by Margaret Vere Farrington (Putnam's Sons). The author has caught something of the spirit of the age of Cosmo de' Medici, and has evidently not only studied the period in books, but has also meditated upon it while sojourning in the Val d'Arno, as the pretty descriptive passages in her story prove. The loves of Filippo and Lucrezia and the Princess Beatrice are charmingly depicted, on the whole, though Filippo's language in repelling the Princess when she follows him from Florence and discovers him at Spoleto is a trifle more brutal than was necessary or indeed probable. The book, with its pretty binding, its photogravure illustrations of the painter's works, and views of Ancona, Florence, Spoleto, &c., is an attractive presentation volume.

In the composition of books for girls there are certain common elements that generally prevail. There are chapters of courtship, and a concluding page or so to celebrate the wedding, which suggest Byron's comparison of the "full-length" painting of love and the "bust" portraiture of marriage. The young lady with an ideal and the young lady with none but her own little narrow self are commonly contrasted. Then these girls' books, however deftly planned and well written they may be, are almost invariably illustrated in the flimsiest and feeblest style conceivable. The drawing of the figures is like that of the fashion-plates, with the allurement of well-cut, well-fitting costumes entirely evaded by the artist. It is really distressing to turn from Mrs. Meade's *Just a Love Tale* (Spencer Blackett) to the illustrations. The story is decidedly clever and interesting; but the disillusion that lies in the pictures is painful indeed. We have the same complaint to make of *Hamilton of King's*, by Alice Price (Partridge & Co.). There is some capital character-sketching in this story, and the motive of the story is fresh and stimulating. The sister of the heroine falls in love with a young man who passes, by means of the fraudulent use of a visiting-card, as Hamilton of King's; whereas he is Hamilton of Sidney. He neglects and abandons her, and she lets concealment, combined with a low fever, bring her to an early grave. Her sister vows vengeance, and when she meets Hamilton of King's exacts it. He loves, and proposes marriage. She rejects him, under the illusion of her dead sister's presence, with a very pretty and proper scorn. It all comes right, of course, in the end, and very ingeniously is the end worked out. *May Hamilton*, by M. B. (Briggs & Co.), is a "tale for girls," with singularly inane illustrations. The story is based on the ancient theme, beloved of all who make the moral tale, the degradation that ensues from "the tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive." May deceives a good deal with very little apparent purpose, and lies not a little; but she has harsh unfeeling parents, and we are not inclined to be hard upon her. In *Rollica Reed*, by Elize Kerr (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), more Hamiltons occupy the field. They are the two shallow and vulgar daughters and the selfish son of rich parents, who do their best to make the life of their poor relation, Rollica Reed, a burden of misery. There is another poor relation attached to the family in the capacity of charwoman, who in the fulness of time leaves the noble-hearted Rollica 4,000!. Of this money coals of fire are made and outpoured on the heads of the enemy. With all its improbabilities, this is a moral tale and thoroughly readable.

Bevis: the Story of a Boy, by Richard Jefferies (Sampson Low & Co.), no more needs the commendation of the critical than does *Masterman Ready*. It is all that a boy's book should be, and in the first rank of such literature there is none more fascinating. There is a pleasure, though a melancholy pleasure, after reading Mr. Walter Besant's eloquent *Eulogy* of the author, in viewing this delightful book as to some extent the autobiography of the early years of Richard Jefferies. For if ever a happy boyhood was happily pictured, it is in these joyous scenes of the exploits of Bevis and Mark, on imaginary Roman battle-fields, voyaging in search of new continents and unknown seas, playing the serious and thrilling games of shipwreck on perilous islands among wild beasts and chimeras dire. *The Threshold of Science*, by C. R. Alder Wright, F.R.S. (Griffin & Co.), is a capital book for boys of scientific inclinations, who can command the simple apparatus of an elementary laboratory. It is also a good book for boys to read, apart from the hundreds of amusing and instructive experiments that crowd its pages. These are admirably explained and illustrated by numerous excellent diagrams.

Miss Mary Debenham's *A Little Candle* (National Society) is a well-conceived and spirited story of the days of the Solemn League and Covenant. The redoubtable Claverhouse shines as the heroic guardian of those who are oppressed by the fanatical Covenanters. Some courage, it must be confessed, was needed to depict a parson and his daughter as "martyrs" to the violence of the Covenanters, yet both the incidents of the story and the figure of Claverhouse himself are alike persuasively drawn. *The Vicar's Trio*, by Esmé Stuart (National Society), introduces three amusing children—the vicar's trio—of the "original," perhaps a trifle extravagant, order, who, among other wonderful enterprises, start a Church Restoration Fund with a weekly newspaper to support their undertaking. A small viscount

—a kind of Little Lord Fauntleroy—is their attached friend, and not the least service rendered to the society of the neighbourhood by the “trio” is their influence over this tiresome and rather spoiled nobleman. Among books for children *Please Tell Me Another Tale* (Skeffington) is one that deserves popularity. This is a collection of short stories by Miss Fanny Barry, Miss Theresa Dent, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Giberne, Mr. G. A. Henty, and others. Mr. Palmer Cox illustrates the book with some capital drawings of civilized bears. Another amusing collection of short tales is Mr. Baring Gould's *My Prague Pig*, &c. (Skeffington), little book, excellent in style and matter, and full of quaint and pretty fancy. Mr. Arthur Waugh's *Schoolroom Theatricals* (Cassell & Co.) is one more addition to several recent books of dramatic sketches designed for representation by young people. Mr. Waugh writes in sprightly rhymed couplets, and his dialogue is animated and terse. “Slimmi's Slippers,” “The Queen of Hearts,” and “Little Bo-Peep,” are capital examples of Mr. Waugh's skill. The hints on producing the plays supply young aspirants with all that is necessary to giving effect to these little dramas.

The Family Coach—who filled it, who drove it, and who seized the reins, by M. and C. Lee (National Society), contains a graphic account of the adventures of a family of children who, with their nurse, are sent to meet their parents coming home from India, at Marseilles. How the eldest girl, who is very young, totally inexperienced, and with that delightful belief in herself that the young and inexperienced usually have, nearly upset the family in her attempt to drive it, we will leave its readers to find out. There is a very touching account in it of a girl who saves the life of a lame lady in a railway accident, and amusing scenes in the life of a pet cat, which one of the children smuggles away with him, unbeknown to all but his twin sister, who, being in the secret, shares his agony of guilt. The animal's presence is found out sooner than had been anticipated, and causes most unpleasant adventures to the driver of the coach.

Fresh from the Fens: a Story of Three Lincolnshire Lasses, by E. Ward (Seeley & Co.), is a prettily-written tale of three little girls—clergyman's daughters—who were sent from their peaceful, but poor, country house, on account of fever having broken out in the village, to stay with some rich relations, who were quite strangers to them. The way in which these little maidens made a friend for life of a bishop; how they converted a selfish and pleasure-loving household into a kindly one; how they softened hard hearts, and humanized a fiend-like cousin; how, in fact, they brought peace and happiness wherever they went by their simple faith and unconscious influence—all this is touchingly told. The book contains many good moral lessons for young and old.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have sent us a collection of Christmas cards, brilliant in execution and design. It is hard amongst them to pick out the best. However we may mention No. 3601, two designs of snowy landscape, one with spade, the other with broom cleverly attached; No. 1585, a snow-covered windmill; No. 3590, a picturesque lighthouse; No. 3553, winter landscape with effect in one of moonrise—the other sunset, decorated with bells and ivy; No. 1716, groups of our “Sweep your Doorway” urchins; No. 3592, delightful cats going through acrobatic performances; No. 3582, three designs of frogs and their airy gambols by moonlight; No. 3080, our great-grandfather and grandmother courting in their youth. The quaint old-fashioned dress makes the pictures very attractive. Nos. 3083 and 3605 are pretty floral designs, the former a sprig of flowers in a rustic frame surrounding the Christmas or New Year's greeting, the latter, in the “Art Gem Series,” are groups of raised pansies or carnations bordering the Christmas greetings. A novel and most attractive feature in Raphael Tuck's set of cards is the “Transparent Series” Nos. 1589 and 1568, which recall most delightfully the entrancing toy dioramas of one's childhood, now alas! almost, if not quite, extinct.

The Art Gem Calendar Cards, 829, 830, and 831, are pretty and useful, as they contain a small calendar for the year in a frame of embossed flowers. No. 3024 represents birdcages with a pair of birds. The folding cards are in great variety, some with ships on the opening panels (1583); some with floral designs, ivy leaves, and Christmas roses (1636); some with little sepia landscapes (1634); some with a sprig of mistletoe outside, and a small sea landscape inside. There are also Chinese lanterns, which when opened disclose pictures of Chinese dolls, dogs, and umbrellas (1643). Amongst the quaint ones are (3601) picturesque groups of children at play; (3608) a dog and cat, which on being beheaded discover a mouse in their throats; (3030) groups of Japanese children; (3037) frogs in Highland costume, dancing and playing the bagpipes; (3593) a gamp umbrella; (3563) an old Scotchman's and a sailor's head; (3587) a fisherman's head, with appropriate greetings.

Of the booklets, “Scraps of Rhymes,” illustrated by Helen Maguire, Jane Willis Grey, &c.; “Songs of the Cornfields,” by E. Nesbit, its cover in shape of a straw hat trimmed with poppies and ears of corn; “How they meet, and all about it,” a romance of a rustic seat, in our great-grandfathers' time, its illustrations denoting that period; “Silver Ushires,” a little bell-shaped booklet; and “The Beechcat,” by Samuel Woodworth, illustrated by Annie and Bessie Simpson—its shape agreeing with its title—are amongst the prettiest. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner forward a charming collection of books, booklets, and Christmas Cards. Of the former we must note *Some Old Love Songs*, and

A Book of Old Ballads—both designed in a pretty and original manner by the late Alice Havers—and *The Harvest Field*, illustrated by Ernest Wilson, as being very attractive. Among the booklets, those that will amuse and interest little children are “This Little Pig went to Market,” a tale in five parts, illustrated by W. Weeks; “Lady Pussy-Cat's Ball,” very cleverly illustrated, by A. M. Lockyer; “Dame Pussy's School,” illustrated with much spirit, by H. H. Couldry, and “In Aready,” with pretty designs by Harriett M. Bennett; “Songs in the Snowdrifts,” prettily got up, with illustrations by Alice West; and “London Sketches,” drawn by Percy Robertson—with descriptive lines from Wordsworth, Shirley, Wynne, and Longfellow—are attractive additions to this year's booklets. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's “New Jewelled Souvenir” is also a charming design. Among the excellent autograph cards of the same firm, Nos. 6 and 9 are the most original. They are in boxes containing six or eight cards and envelopes. The “Quaint Notions for Christmas and New Year,” sets of six cards, one with a pair of scissors, another with fork, knife, and spoon, another with bag and umbrella, &c., and each with a few lines to the point, are really original. There are pretty folding cards, designed by G. G. Kilburne, skates outside and the skaters inside (199); a violin and a banjo, which open and disclose New Year's greetings (264); a card in shape of a pie, with four-and-twenty blackbirds inside, by Alice West (207); Nos. 149 and 150 are good designs of leaves by A. D. Sigmund; two groups of children designed by W. Rainey (116); some pretty iridescent cards with “New Year 1891” (526 and 374) and “Christmas 1890” (529) on them; folding cards with iridescent flowers on the outside (367), designed by C. G. Noakes. Three designs of scenes in the hunting-field (285), and three others of fishermen's experiences (287), by J. C. Dollman; cats at lessons and play (203), cats at home (204), designed by H. H. Couldry; and three very pretty flower folding-cards—a lily, a daisy, and a geranium—designed by Bertha Maguire, are amongst the best. There is a nice cat, too, which can be made to stand by arching its back (137A).

We have received some good specimens of nursery-books from Routledge & Sons—“This is the House that Jack Built,” the famous house forming the cover, and the various incidents which made it famous in coloured illustrations inside; “Old Mother Goose,” with a picture of that historical lady outside, its contents being all our favourite old nursery rhymes, illustrated in a new fashion; “Oranges and Lemons,” with coloured pictures of the game from its start to its finish; “The Circus Book,” a never-tiring joy; the “Noah's Ark Painting Book,” a godsend to children who “want to paint,” as one page contains the uncoloured picture, and the opposite one the same coloured; and we are willing to believe that in Noah's time such colours existed.

For children just out of the nursery *Archie*, illustrated stories in prose and verse, with 40 full-page pictures by A. W. Cooper, A. F. Elwes, M. E. Edwards, F. A. Trayer, Hal Ludlow, and E. Y. Wheeler, contains a variety of short stories and sketches.

“The Railway Book” will be most interesting to tiny engineers, and has many illustrations.

Mr. Edmund Evans has sent us two most fascinating children's books, “A Frog he would a Wooing go,” the shape of the book being a fantastic picture of the frog sitting on his portmanteau, holding up an umbrella, and with a huge bouquet in his hand, ready for the start on his disastrous wooing journey; the clever and humorous illustrations are by William Foster.

“A—Apple Pie,” illustrated by Gordon Browne, is the other. The Alphabet is, indeed, made a joy, instead of a toil, to a child in this toy-book; its ingenious cover in the shape of an apple-pie preventing its even looking like an ordinary book.

Messrs. E. Wolf & Son have sent the new game of “The Burglar and the Bobbies,” which bids fair to become the game of the season for winter evenings, and owing to its small price is within everybody's reach.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JOSEPH BERTRAND is one of the foremost and most learned mathematicians of France, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and a member of the Academy. His competence to treat the man (1) who, with Descartes and Leibnitz, stands at the head of all mathematicians who have been also men of letters is therefore peculiar. Indeed (and we might have expected it) M. Bertrand seems to take greater delight in treating the non-mathematical than the mathematical side of his hero. He does not, however, neglect the latter; and as few writers on Pascal have been equally competent to deal with it, this part of his treatment is particularly welcome. Without belittling them, he gives a rational explanation of the reported marvels of Pascal's youth, and he displays, not merely a perfect knowledge of the matter, but great fairness in dealing with the conduct of Descartes to Pascal, and of Pascal to the competitors in the cycloid problems which he set. In reference to this last matter, while defending Pascal against Condorcet's very inaccurate charges, he admits, and makes only too clear, the courtesy and want of generosity which the author

November 29, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

631

of the *Pensées* displayed, not only to the Jesuit Lalouère (as M. Bertrand, who is no Clerical, but much the reverse, says, Pascal could not be fair to a Jesuit), but to Wallis, with whom he had no cause of quarrel whatever. Indeed, M. Bertrand is very severe on Pascal's harshness of disposition—not too severe, as all inquirers into the matter ought to know. While prodigal of admiration for the superhuman cleverness of the *Provinciales*, he lays great stress on the indubitable fact that they are the utterance of an advocate, not a judge. On the *Pensées* he takes a line differing from most, if not all, recent authorities, and thinks that the 1670 redaction of the book is far less garbled than for the last fifty years it has been usual to hold. Here we cannot follow him. No doubt the modern editors, as is their way, have made some mountains of molehills; no doubt there has been attempted by "undogmatic" theologians a dead set at Pascal's faith, and a dead lift at his scepticism. But still any one who will compare the two versions must, we think, remain convinced of the amount of editing that was done. Besides, is it necessary to go much further than the known fact, fully set forth by M. Bertrand himself, that before the book was allowed to be published no less than twenty censors had each separately examined it, and that "every change which any censor thought proper to demand had been made"?

The first edition of M. Weiss's Essays on French Literary History (2) appeared exactly a quarter of a century ago. He tells us that it was quickly bought up, but that time or inclination, or both, failed him to bring out a second. Such negligence is rare, and in happier and more leisurely days it might have made a good thesis-subject to argue whether or not it is wise. On the one hand, a man escapes the dismal chances of "remainders" and of being charged (to quote a story told by Sir Walter Scott) for "selleridge." On the other, it will happen that his work, when at last resuscitated, has a *démode* air—the air of being antiquated without being classical. That there is something of this about M. Weiss's book, brilliantly as it is written in parts, and fresh and interesting as its views still often are, we are not prepared to deny. The contents of it are essays and lectures delivered or written at odd times between 1858 and 1865, and part at least is on subjects then of the day. There is no greater strain than such a republication. To find, for instance, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Barrière coupled together is something of a shock to-day whatever it might have been then, and there are other things of the kind. But the book is, as we have said, admirably written, and has that quality of readability, without flimsiness, which belongs only to a very few persons who are à cheval between journalism and literature. Of such M. Weiss, if not actually the king, is at least one of the archons; and it is very pleasant to read his work. In one respect—his championing of the specially "Gallic" writers, those who are light and joyous—he is on a tack which has been pursued ever since, though with too little result hitherto, by all the best critics, native and foreign, of French literature.

If any justification of M. Weiss were needed, it could hardly be supplied better than by M. Richepin's *Truandailles* (3). There are not many living writers of French cleverer than M. Richepin; and not a little of his work, such as the best parts of *La mer*, show that he can be more than clever. The same evidence is contained in the best parts of the present volume. Some of its pages are composed of mere jargon, good at most to enrich a dictionary of the *Langue verte*, others of mere "sculddudery," and others, again, of some things compared to which mere jargon and mere sculddudery are innocent—of sheer brutalities without passion, without joy, without amusement. Next to which brutalities we are as likely as not to get something that might figure, not too glaringly out of place, among Baudelaire's *Petits poèmes en prose*, or in *Gaspard de la nuit*. One is sometimes inclined to think that the regimen of Pumblechook would be the best for persons like M. Richepin—"and they tied him up, and they stuffed his mouth with flowering annuals [a pretty jest on the flowers of speech in which he now indulges], and they give him a dozen." The dose repeated, if necessary, would have a marvellous effect on many Frenchmen.

The lamented death at a very early age of Mr. Cyril Oliphant, almost immediately after the publication of his book on Musset (4), makes it unnecessary to criticize it with any great minuteness. It contains a long and careful analysis, with translations, of the poet's work; but the biographical part would have been improved by a somewhat larger and exacter entrance into detail; and the critical by a much wider acquaintance with the literary atmosphere of the time.

We retain not disagreeable memories of M. Hinzelin's novel, *André Marcy* (5). He is scarcely so happy in verse, though there are things of interest here. Such a stanza as this on Rabelais is surely the merest prose:—

On désire parfois aux jours d'incertitude
Ou d'injuste sévérité
Un goût plus fin, plus sûr, plus de subtile étude,
Et d'abord plus de pureté.

(2) *Essais sur l'histoire de la littérature française*. Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Truandailles*. Par Jean Richepin. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Alfred de Musset*. (Foreign Classics for English Readers.) By Cyril Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

(5) *Poèmes et poètes*. Par Emile Hinzelin. Paris: Didier.

It is a pity that M. Paul Alexis, who has much real talent, should confirm himself so much in the naturalist way. He dedicates *Madame Meuriot* (6) to Flaubert, but it is M. Zola who is the real inspirer, or, if Flaubert at all, the Flaubert of the *Education* and of *Bouvard et Péécuchet*, not of *Madame Bovary* and the *Tentation*. The heroine, despite her unattractive passion for a cad of a boy half her age, is rather pathetic, and the whole story moves with dismal precision to its revolting end.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE late Dr. Leared's *Marocco and the Moors* (Sampson Low & Co.), of which we have a new edition revised by the late Sir Richard Burton, is not one of those books of travel that yield only the floating impressions and superficial observations of those restless voyagers who love change for its own sake. Dr. Leared, when he first visited Marocco, fifteen years since, was deeply interested in promoting a *sanatorium* at Tangiers, for which he secured an advantageous site, and in recommending both Tangiers and Mogador as winter-resorts for English invalids. The former town has grown rapidly in favour since 1875, though the superior claims of Mogador are still too little regarded by those who fly south with the swallows for sunshine and health. But Dr. Leared was tempted far afield from the coast into the interior. He sojourned in the city of Marocco, thence to Safi, Azamoor, and Mazagan; he visited Fez, Mequinez, and Muley Idriz. He inspected the singular ruins of Cassar Pharon, and wrote the interesting account of the site and remains of the Roman city of Volubilis which was published in 1878, in the *Academy*, and is reprinted in the appendix to the present volume at the request of Sir Richard Burton. Dr. Leared had an old-fashioned dislike for florid description and mere smartness. He preferred the works of older travellers to those of more modern style. His studies of Moorish life and character reveal keen and searching observation. Those who find refreshment in Shaw and other travellers of the last century will find *Marocco and the Moors* excellent reading. The maps, plans, and illustrations are also excellent. Dr. Leared's notes on the drugs employed medicinally by the Moors should interest others besides botanists and pharmacists. With other arts, the art of healing, in which they were once famous practitioners, has decayed among the Moors, yet in what remains of their pharmacopœia there is much that is curious, and a little that deserves study.

The Trees of North-Eastern America, by Charles S. Newhall (Putnam's Sons), is an illustrated description of familiar trees. The writer's practical aim is pithily set forth in the preface. The author meets a friend in a wood, or park, we suppose, who remarks of the trees around them, "Here are splendid specimens, and I don't know one of them." "Get a book that will help you," is the answer. "I cannot find such a book," is the not surprising reply; "I can find no book which in simple fashion will so describe the tree, from its foliage, bark, and style, that I can recognize it." "Then I will make one for you," is the reassuring remark. Mr. Newhall has not failed in fulfilling the promise, as far as it is possible to do so. There are people who live among trees all their time and never can do more than distinguish a poplar from an elm. For such, books are useless. But Mr. Newhall's book is admirably designed to help all who desire assistance. The descriptions are terse, clear, explicit, and relevant; the additional observations are brief, yet to the point. The drawings of foliage and fruit are very good indeed. Over one hundred kinds of trees are thus figured. As many of these are well known and much grown in England, Mr. Newhall's book well deserves the attention of readers on this side of the Atlantic. His work is very superior in accuracy and clearness of statement to other popular works of similar design.

The six short plays that make up Mr. J. A. Wheatley's *Dramatic Sketches* (Allen & Co.) are written in prose dialogue, with occasional songs introduced, "to be sung or said," it would seem, for no directions are given as to the music. The first four pieces are either farces or of the nature of farcical comedy. They are brightly written, if not marked by any originality of plan. "Faith," however, is a pretty comedietta, and should prove effective if represented by amateurs of experience. "Ali-Ben-Hassan," an historical drama of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella and the expulsion of the Moors, has a more ambitious scope, and is less suited to the resources of private theatricals.

The sermons and addresses of the Rev. Harry Jones are always sagacious, manly, genial, and refreshing. The little volume of Sunday afternoon lectures, *Courtship and Marriage*, &c. (Nisbet & Co.), is compact of excellent matter. The "word in season" is uttered by Mr. Jones with refreshing directness and clearness, not merely on the inexhaustible topic "Courtship and Marriage," but also in the "few plain words about other great matters," such as "Education," "Sensationalism," "Human Progress," "Drunkenness," "Gambling."

The late Mr. George P. Putnam's handy chronicle of historical events, *Tabular Views of Universal History* (Putnam's Sons), has been revised and written up to the close of last year by Mr. Lynds Jones. The additional work is executed in complete harmony with the spirit of the originator of this ingenious and useful attempt to record the progress of human society in parallel columns of dates and events.

(6) *Madame Meuriot*. Par Paul Alexis. Paris: Charpentier.

[November 29, 1890.]

Other notable books are among our new editions this week. The "Aldine Edition" of Horace and James Smith's *Rejected Addresses* (Pickering & Chatto) is a very pretty reprint, with notes and introduction by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and the familiar portrait of the authors.

The third edition of Mr. Wilmot Harrison's handy guide, *Memorable London Houses* (Sampson Low & Co.), is considerably enlarged and improved by the addition of many names and houses, with notes on the "Master's House" in the Temple and the Deaneries of St. Paul's and Westminster, and a fresh instalment of Mr. G. N. Martin's clever drawings. This very ingenious little book is as entertaining as it is trustworthy.

From Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. we have new editions of works by Richard Jefferies; *The Gamekeeper at Home*, with illustrations by Charles Whymper, and the delightful sketches of agricultural life, *Hodge and his Masters*.

Macaulay's *Reviews, Essays, and Poems*, with introduction by Mr. G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is a stout volume of over one thousand pages. The division of the page into two columns is rendered needlessly trying to the reader by the insertion in the text itself of index notes, which are not in every case indicative of the more salient points in the principal paragraphs.

Names we Love and Places we Know (Hazzell, Watson, & Viney, Limited), is the title of a pretty birthday-book, with appropriate verses from the poets, and capital photographs of St. Paul's, the Tower, the Victoria Embankment, and other familiar London scenes.

In the "Minerva Library" series we have a well-printed edition of Lockhart's *Life of Burns* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with copious notes and appendices by Mr. John H. Ingram.

We have also received *The Elements of Elocution*, by Charles E. Clegg, a good selection of prose and verse, preluded by useful hints on reading and voice delivery (Philip & Son); a popular edition of Mr. H. C. Burdett's *Prince, Princess, and People*, illustrated (Routledge & Sons); *'Twixt Kiss and Lip*, by Professor F. Harald Williams, third edition (Gardner & Co.); *Abel Drake's Wife*, by John Saunders, new edition (Allen & Co.); *Wax*, a Novel, by Aiel Hope (Digby & Long), and *What to Read*, edited by Frederick Langbridge, Part IV. (Religious Tract Society).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 1,831, NOVEMBER 29, 1890:

Chronicle.

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